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# THE CRITICAL REVIEW,

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For the Month of *August* 1758.

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## ARTICLE I.

*Socrates, a Dramatic Poem. By Amyas Bushe, Esq; A. M. and  
Fellow of the Royal Society. 4to. Pr. 3s. Doddsley.*

**T**HIS *dramatic poem* is, properly speaking, a translation, and, in most parts, a literal one, of *Plato's* dialogues into blank verse. From these valuable remains of antiquity Mr. *Bushe* has selected all the remarkable circumstances attending the death of *Socrates*, digested the whole into five regular acts, according to the rules of modern tragedy, and adopted the *chorus* of the *antient* drama, with a view, as he informs us in the advertisement prefixed, 'to introduce the knowledge of this wonderful man, and his system, to those whose want of leisure, and different pursuits, have prevented them from studying the dead languages.' The poem is dedicated to lord *Lyttleton*, who not only honoured it with his approbation, but took the pains to 'proscribe several inaccuracies, redundancies, and other infirmities of the work;' a circumstance which will naturally prejudice his readers in favour of it, as so good a judge would scarce have bestowed both his applause and assistance on a performance that had not some degree of merit to recommend it. It is indeed on the whole not ill executed: we shall notwithstanding take the liberty of pointing out some faults and deficiencies, at least what appeared to us as such, and leave the author

If wrong to smile, if right to kiss the rod.

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The *dramatis personæ* are as follow, *Socrates*, *Hermogenes*, *Chorus*, *Aristodemus*, *Chorus* of etherial spirits, *President*, *Judges*, *Melitus*, *Officer of court*, *Crito*, *Phædo*, *Cebes*, *Goaler*. The first act contains a scene between *Socrates* and *Hermogenes*, wherein the former explains to his friend his notions of natural and moral beauty.

‘ Know, (says he) beauty is a pure etherial ray  
 ‘ Of fair celestial make, that issues forth  
 ‘ From the sole fount of light, and lustre spreads  
 ‘ Through air and earth and heaven: old ocean feels  
 ‘ The influence of its beam: when tempests fly  
 ‘ They bear it on their wings: the firmament  
 ‘ Radiant with starry orbs, light above light  
 ‘ In lucid order rais’d, aloud proclaims  
 ‘ The fair original.——

‘ ——— But man is rais’d  
 ‘ High in the scale of beings, and inform’d  
 ‘ With intellectual faculties that shew  
 ‘ The beauty of the mind, by which he claims  
 ‘ Relation to his Maker, and partakes  
 ‘ Of rectitude divine: hence, moral acts  
 ‘ Which flow from reason, and obsequious will,  
 ‘ Are beautiful and good, because with God  
 ‘ Similitude they hold, whose sacred will,  
 ‘ Pure as his essence, never can divert  
 ‘ From what is right, and is itself the law  
 ‘ Which we call nat’ral, as He, only, rules  
 ‘ As well the moral as material world.’

A little after follows another discourse between *Aristodemus* and *Socrates*, where the great philosopher delivers his opinion concerning the powers and capacities of man, divination, the presence of God in all his works, and other points of the like nature. In the following lines the sentiment is justly and poetically expressed.

‘ ——— Do not brutes  
 ‘ In sounds dissimilar their sense convey  
 ‘ When fear, or pain, the beating heart affails,  
 ‘ Or when their bosoms with warm pleasure glow?  
 ‘ Is not the neighing of a horse express’d  
 ‘ In varied sound, when in the bloom of life  
 ‘ Florid and fresh, he wantons o’er the plains,  
 ‘ Stung with the fervour of a youthful love?  
 ‘ Or when from nostrils wide he darts the flame  
 ‘ Of kindling war, and snuffs the blaze of arms?  
 ‘ Do not the feather’d kind, of varied plume,  
 ‘ Vary their strain, as rising passions swell

‘ The

- ‘ The heaving breast ? other the notes, which hawks
- ‘ Or eagles use ; as quest of food, or fight,
- ‘ Directs the sound : when flying near to land
- ‘ The full-gorg’d cormorant forsakes the deep,
- ‘ And sends his screams before him to the beach ;
- ‘ Other his tone, than when with level wing
- ‘ He skims the surface of the briny wave.
- ‘ Many of plummy race oft’ change their notes,
- ‘ As temperatures of air or weather change :
- ‘ The tempest-loving raven, and the crow
- ‘ Intelligent of seasons, brooding clouds
- ‘ With hoarser throat demand, and with fell croak
- ‘ The gathering storms, and rising winds foretel.’

Between the two dialogues the chorus sings a hymn to beauty and virtue. We shall give our readers the first part of it.

- ‘ Hail sacred source of heav’n and earth !
- ‘ From thee fair beauty takes her birth :
- ‘ Whate’er in prospect charms the eye,
- ‘ From thee receives its pleasing dye :
- ‘ From thee, Apollo gilds the ray
- ‘ That ushers in the new-born day :
- ‘ From thee, the moon with borrow’d light
- ‘ Supplies the silver lamp of night :
- ‘ From thee, fair Iris paints her bow
- ‘ Where all thy varied colours glow :
- ‘ Form’d by thy hand, does nature spread
- ‘ A flow’ry carpet o’er the mead :
- ‘ From thee the face of earth is seen
- ‘ Array’d in chearful robes of green :
- ‘ What blossoms on the fragrant tree
- ‘ Derives th’ impatient buds from thee :
- ‘ What sparkles in the diamond shows
- ‘ The brighter fount from which it flows :
- ‘ All that can please in earth or air
- ‘ Is but of thee a copy fair :
- ‘ Thy beauty fills the world with light,
- ‘ Which without thee, would sink in night.’

There is another chorus at the end of the act. In act the second, *Hermogenes* gives notice to *Socrates* of his approaching trial, which he receives with the utmost calmness and tranquility. He resigns himself to the will of heaven, and cries out

- ‘ The Deity, who saw
- ‘ How each fine thread in the fair web of life
- ‘ Was wrought in nature’s loom, ere yet the heart
- ‘ Began to beat, or breathing lungs imbib’d
- ‘ Th’ expansive air ; that Deity, by whom

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I think

- ‘ I think and act, knows when the spring of life
- ‘ Should cease to play : and duty bids me pay
- ‘ The debt of nature when he makes the claim.

‘ ——— He means

- ‘ This frame should fall, while yet my thinking powers
- ‘ Are strong and clear, and the soul fit to mix
- ‘ With spirits void of guilt, that never feel
- ‘ The violence of force, but free as light
- ‘ Spontaneous move, obsequious to the laws
- ‘ That rule their being.’

A messenger then informs him that the court is sitting, and prepared to hear his defence. He goes out after the following prayer :

‘ ——— O ! author of my life !

- ‘ Sole self-existent essence, from whose power
- ‘ All things derive their being, and whose hand
- ‘ Sustains the universe ! be bounteous still
- ‘ To give me what is good ! and should I sue
- ‘ For what I ought not, be it thine to check
- ‘ The fond desire, and teach me how to pray
- ‘ For what I ought, how best I may pursue
- ‘ What best becomes the dignity of man
- ‘ Made for eternity : and thou sweet voice,
- ‘ Offspring of heav’n, that dost pursue my soul
- ‘ Through all its turnings, let not fear of death
- ‘ Move me to plead, what may be found unfit
- ‘ For me to utter, or for God to hear !’

A chorus of etherial spirits enter, and sing a short song, with which the act concludes,

The third act is intirely employed in the celebrated trial of *Socrates*. Those who have read the account of it in *Plato* and *Xenophon* will probably be of an opinion with us, that Mr. *Bushe*, by a too strict adherence to the words of those writers, has given an air of stiffness to this part of his performance, which he might easily have avoided. The act ends with a song of the chorus on the power of virtue.

The fourth act passes in the prison where *Socrates* discourses with *Phædo*, *Cebes*, and other friends, on the body and soul of man, and the prospect of a future state. His notion of a *purgatory* in the following lines is remarkable :

‘ They who lead a life,

- ‘ Nor always prone to vice, nor full intent
- ‘ On virtue’s charms, must in a certain place
- ‘ Suffer due pains, proportion’d to their crimes,
- ‘ In measure just, ’till being cleans’d of guilt
- ‘ Which soil’d their souls, they meet with a reward

‘ That’s



- ‘ That’s justly adequate to moral good
- ‘ Performed here.’

The act ends with a chorus which the author has given the title of *the Moral Oeconomy*.

Act fifth represents *Socrates* in conversation with *Crito*, who advised him to make his escape out of prison, the doors being open, and the goaler ready to favour it; a proposal which *Socrates* rejects as inconsistent with the dictates of honour and conscience. The goaler enters to acquaint him that the hour is come when he must take the cup. He drinks the poison with these words,

- ‘ ——— Be thy blessed will
- ‘ For ever mine! Parent of heaven and earth,
- ‘ And all the breathing forms that live in thee,
- ‘ To thee, I render back what cannot die!
- ‘ From thee it came, and does to thee return,
- ‘ In hope of kind acceptance from the God
- ‘ Who gave it pow’r to think! O may he guard
- ‘ The offspring of his goodness, rais’d to do
- ‘ His will on earth, and crown it with reward.’

He talks some time to his friend, and then expires. The poem ends with a chorus of ethereal spirits, who sing a kind of dirge over the body of *Socrates*.

Though the subject of this poem is by no means fit for a tragedy, it is very susceptible of poetical ornament, and might, if it had been executed throughout with equal care and spirit, have produced an entertaining and instructive poem. Mr. *Bushe*, as appears by the little extracts we have given, seems capable of doing justice to it if he would take the pains: impartiality notwithstanding obliges us to say, that he is in many parts very dull, languid, and prosaical; his expressions frequently low and familiar. We shall point out a few of the most objectionable passages, and recommend them to our author’s consideration. Page 22 we meet with these lines in the mouth of *Socrates*,

- ‘ Can you conceive that gods would plant in man
- ‘ An innate notion, that they can dispense
- ‘ Or pain or pleasure, if in real fact
- ‘ They want the power to do so? or that men
- ‘ Should be so long deceiv’d, without least sense
- ‘ Of the delusion? must you not confess
- ‘ That realms and cities, which have foremost stood
- ‘ In the records of fame, for arts polite
- ‘ And wisdom’s lore renown’d, have ever held
- ‘ The gods in veneration high, and rais’d
- ‘ Temples and altars sacred to the use

- ‘ Of rites divine ? and still the farther back
- ‘ You cast your eye on ages more remote,
- ‘ Do not you find that divination reign’d
- ‘ With stronger force, and deeper fix’d the sense
- ‘ Of watchful Providence ?’

This is extremely flat and insipid. As is likewise the following part of *Socrates’s* defence :

- ‘ ——— Is it not strange
- ‘ That other men, by merit rais’d, should meet
- ‘ With high esteem : and yet that I, so fam’d
- ‘ For moral discipline, the greatest good
- ‘ Which heaven can bestow, should here be call’d
- ‘ In question for my life ? Is it a proof
- ‘ That I deny the gods, and introduce
- ‘ A new religion alien from the laws
- ‘ Of the Athenian state, when here I stand
- ‘ Arraign’d for virtue’s cause, which by the gods
- ‘ And all wise men was ever sacred deem’d ?’

The dignity of blank verse is intirely lost when we read ;

- ‘ ——— The votes by *thirty-three*
- ‘ Are against *Socrates*.
- ‘ What than death
- ‘ Can better *suit my case ? to pay a fine*
- ‘ My soul abhors ———
- ‘ Now, *Socrates*, you see to *what an end*
- ‘ Your speech has brought you ———
- ‘ Now I *take you right*.
- ‘ *Just as you please* : do with it *as you will*.
- ‘ ——— Pray *what is to be done*
- ‘ When I have ta’en the draught, for I would *choose*
- ‘ To die as I’m directed ———
- ‘ I prepar’d the *dose*
- ‘ Just of sufficient force to make thy end
- ‘ As *easy* as I *could*.’ ———

Mr. *Bushe’s* verses are likewise sometimes too short by a foot or two, which gives a disagreeable limp to the metre : such for instance as the following ;

- ‘ Some heav’nly truth, and check’d the stream.
- ‘ Nought administer but peace and joy.
- ‘ His pristine state. For shame my brethren.’

Others are rough and unmusical, as

- ‘ *Socrates* shall live for ever. I feel.
- ‘ Of a people generous in other things.
- ‘ *Socrates* should find in earth’s deep center.’

These, with a few more inaccuracies, had, we suppos’d, escaped the notice of Mr. *Bushe’s* illustrious patron. There is merit enough

enough to make amends for them. The author therefore will we hope excuse the freedom, and profit by the severity of our animadversions.

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ART. II. *A Collection of Letters and State Papers, from the original manuscripts of several princes and great personages in the two last centuries; with some curious and scarce tracts, and pieces of antiquity, modern letters, &c. on several important subjects. In two vols. To which are added Memoirs of the unfortunate prince Anthony the First of Portugal, and the Oeconomy of High-Life. Compiled by L. Howard, D. D. Rector of St. George's, Southwark, and Chaplain to her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales.* 4to. Pr. 1l. 1s.

**B**Y what accident this Collection of Letters has so long escaped our notice, it is of little importance to acquaint the public: perhaps it would have forgiven us, had this book been ever numbered among our omissions. It would be extremely difficult to compile two quarto volumes of old, original letters never before published, that should be worth any reader's perusal; and, therefore, Dr. Howard is in some sort excusable for having failed in this particular. Almost all the letters and papers of former ages, that contained matter of curiosity or information, had already been published; so that little else was left him but the gleanings of antiquity. Other antiquarians had been at pains to pick out the precious stones, and Dr. Howard found little more than rubble, which, however, he has fairly proffered to the public. Not, but that he has presented us with some few pieces which are curious and characteristic. The following order of king Henry VIII. for the supply of lady Lucy's table, will be apt to turn the stomachs of our modern fine ladies who sipple tea, complain of the vapours, and faint at the sight of a sirloin.

‘ HENRY,

By the King.

‘ We wol and comaunde you to allowe dailly from hensforth, unto our right dere and wel beloved, the lady Lucy, into her chambre, the Dyat faire hereafter ensuyng:

‘ Furst, Every morning at brekefast, oon chyne of Beyf, at our kechyn, oon chete loff and oon mannchet at our panatrye barr, and a golon of ale at our buttrye barr:

‘ Item, At dyner, a pefe of beyf, a stroke of roste, and a reward at our said kechyn, a cast of chete bread at our panatrye barr, and a galon of ale at our buttrye barr:

‘ Item, At after none, a mannchet at our panatrye barr, and half a galon of ale at our buttrye barr:

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‘ Item,



‘ Item, At supper, a mefs of porage, a pese of mutton, and  
 ‘ a rewarde at our said kechyn, a cast of chete bred at our pa-  
 ‘ natrye, and a galon of ale at our buttrye :

‘ Item, At after-supper, a chete loff and a mannchet at our  
 ‘ panatrye barr, a galon of ale at our buttrye barr, and half a  
 ‘ galon of wine at our seler barr :

‘ Item, Ev’y morning, at our wood-yard, four tall shyds and  
 ‘ twoo fagots :

‘ Item, At our chaundrye barr in winter, ev’y night, oon  
 ‘ picket and four fyfes of waxe, with eight candells, white  
 ‘ lights, and oon torch :

‘ Item, At our picker-house, weekly, six white cuppas :

‘ Item, At ev’y time of our removal, oon hool carte for the  
 ‘ carriage of her stuff :

‘ And these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and  
 ‘ discharge in this behalfe, at all tymes hereafter. Given un-  
 ‘ der our segnet, at our manour of Esthamptede, the 17th day  
 ‘ of July, the 14th yere of our reign.

‘ To the lord steward of our houshold,  
 ‘ the treasourer, comptroller, cofferer,  
 ‘ clerks of the grene clothe, the clerks  
 ‘ of our kechyn, and to all other our  
 ‘ hed officers of our said houshold  
 ‘ and to ev’y of them.’

The character of Oliver Cromwell is well marked in this ar-  
 ticle.

‘ *To his highness, the lord protector of the commonwealth of Eng-*  
 ‘ *land, Scotland, and Ireland,*

‘ *The humble petition of Marjery, the wife of*  
 ‘ *William Beacham, mariner,*

‘ SHEWETH,

‘ That your petitioner’s husband hath been active and faith-  
 ‘ ful in the wars of this commonwealth, both by sea and  
 ‘ land, and hath undergone many hazards by imprison-  
 ‘ ment and fights to the endangering his life, and at last  
 ‘ lost the use of his right arm, and is utterly disabled from  
 ‘ future service, as doth appear by the certificate annex-  
 ‘ ed, and yet he hath no more than forty shillings pension  
 ‘ from Chatham by the year :

‘ That your petitioner having one only sonne, who is tracta-  
 ‘ ble to learn, and not having wherewith to bring him up,  
 ‘ by reason of their present low estate, occasioned by the  
 ‘ publique service aforesaid :

‘ Humbly



‘ Humbly prayeth, That your highness would vouch-  
‘ safe to present her said sonne Randolph Beacham,  
‘ to be a scholler in Sutton’s hospital called the  
‘ Charter-house.

‘ OLIVER, P.

‘ We referre this petition and certificate to the commissioners  
‘ for Sutton’s hospital.

‘ July 28, 1658.

‘ *Copy of a Letter sent by Oliver to his secretary, on the above*  
‘ *petition.*

‘ You receive from me this 28th instant, a petition of Mar-  
‘ jery Beacham, desiring the admission of her son into the  
‘ Charter-house. I know the man, who was employed one  
‘ day in an important secret service, which he did effectually to  
‘ our great benefit, and the commonwealth’s. The petition is  
‘ a brief relation of a fact, without any flattery. I have wrote  
‘ under it a common reference to the commissioners, but I  
‘ mean a great deal more, that it *shall* be *done*, without *their*  
‘ *debate* or *consideration* of the matter, and so do you privately  
‘ hint to \* \* \* \* \*

‘ I have not the particular shining bauble or feather in my  
‘ cap, for crouds to *gaze at*, or *kneel to*, but I have power and  
‘ resolution for foes to *tremble at*; to be short, I know how to  
‘ *deny* petitions, and whatever I think proper, for outward  
‘ form to refer to any officer or office, I expect that such my  
‘ compliance with custom shall be also looked upon as an indi-  
‘ cation of my will and pleasure to have the thing done. See  
‘ therefore that the boy is admitted.

‘ Thy true friend,

‘ July 28, 1655

‘ OLIVER, P.’

The reader will likewise be pleased to see this Latin letter, written by Margaret and Jane Seymour to king Henry VIII. We question if there is a lady of quality now in the kingdom, who could exhibit such a specimen of her taste and learning.

‘ Literarium illud munus (rex serenissime) quod a tua celsi-  
‘ tudine accepimus dici non potest, quantis animum nostrum  
‘ spe gaudioque perfuderit, quam acre calcar addiderit ad am-  
‘ plectendum ea, et omni opera ac sedulitate iis incumbendum  
‘ studiis, quæ tuæ sublimitati curæ esse videmus, ut et ipse in  
‘ illis plurimum possis, et nos, quibus optime consultum velle  
‘ videtur tua serenitas, progressum aliquem faciamus. Et quan-  
‘ tas autem tuæ majestati gratias præter reliquos plerisque de-  
‘ beamus,

‘ beamus, insignia, singularis benevolentiae indicia, quam ver-  
 ‘ borum assequi vis nulla potest, perspicuum faciunt : et quam  
 ‘ si gratiarum aut actionem, aut relationem moliremur, semper  
 ‘ magis magisque perpetua vicissitudine succedentia merita non  
 ‘ tam premere viderentur, quam certo oppressura essent ; præ-  
 ‘ fertim cum nihil nobis sit, imo ne nos quidem ipsæ quic-  
 ‘ quam simus, quod non celsitudini tuæ jure debeamus : ita ut  
 ‘ ad tuam confugere clementiam coactæ, non tamen dubite-  
 ‘ mus divinæ plane benignitatis regem, qui nos tot tantisque  
 ‘ beneficiis oneraverit, etiam illud adjuncturum, ut in ingratas  
 ‘ non existimet esse collata, quæ grato debentur animo ; cujus  
 ‘ istæ literæ, quæ absentium solent esse vicariæ, significatrices  
 ‘ erunt, felicissima omnia tuæ celsitudini cum longissima eorum  
 ‘ diuturnitate precantes.

‘ Tuæ majestati devotissimæ,

‘ MARGARETA SEYMAURA.

‘ JANA SEYMAURA.’

In vol. ii. we find a curious bill of fare of the year 1561, in the reign of queen Elizabeth.

‘ William Muigay, *Esq; mayor of the city of Norwich, his ex-  
 ‘ pences for a dinner, at which he feasted the duke of Norfolk,  
 ‘ &c. the lords, knights, and gentry of the county.*

| ‘ Eight stone of beef, at fourteen pound to |   |   | <i>l.</i> | <i>s.</i> | <i>d.</i> |
|---|---|---|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| ‘ the stone                                 | — | — | —         | 0         | 5 4       |
| ‘ Two collars of brawn                      | — | — | —         | 0         | 1 4       |
| ‘ Four geese                                | — | — | —         | 0         | 1 4       |
| ‘ Eight puits of butter                     | — | — | —         | 0         | 1 6       |
| ‘ A fore-quarter of veal                    | — | — | —         | 0         | 0 10      |
| ‘ An hind-quarter, ditto                    | — | — | —         | 0         | 1 0       |
| ‘ Leg of mutton                             | — | — | —         | 0         | 0 3       |
| ‘ Loyn of mutton and shoulder of veal       | — | — | —         | 0         | 1 0       |
| ‘ A breast and coast of mutton              | — | — | —         | 0         | 0 7       |
| ‘ Six plovers                               | — | — | —         | 0         | 1 0       |
| ‘ Four brace of partridges                  | — | — | —         | 0         | 2 0       |
| ‘ Four couple of rabbits                    | — | — | —         | 0         | 1 8       |
| ‘ Two Guinea pigs                           | — | — | —         | 0         | 1 0       |
| ‘ Four couple of hens                       | — | — | —         | 0         | 2 0       |
| ‘ Two couple of mullards                    | — | — | —         | 0         | 1 0       |
| ‘ Thirty-four eggs                          | — | — | —         | 0         | 1 0       |
| ‘ Two bushell of flour                      | — | — | —         | 0         | 1 6       |
| ‘ Sixteen loaves of white bread             | — | — | —         | 0         | 0 4       |
| ‘ Eighteen wheaten bread                    | — | — | —         | 0         | 0 9       |
| ‘ Three loaves mislin, ditto                | — | — | —         | 0         | 0 3       |
|   |   |   | <hr/>     |           |           |
|   |   |   | 1         | 5         | 8         |

|  |              |   | <i>l.</i> | <i>s.</i> | <i>d.</i> |
|--|--------------|---|-----------|-----------|-----------|
|  | Brought over | — | 1         | 5         | 8         |
| ‘ One barrel double beer               | —            | — | 0         | 2         | 6         |
| ‘ One barrel small, ditto              | —            | — | 0         | 1         | 0         |
| ‘ One quarter of wood                  | —            | — | 0         | 2         | 2         |
| ‘ Nutmegs, mace, cinnanmon, and greens |              |   | 0         | 0         | 3         |
| ‘ Four pound of barberys and fugar     | —            | — | 0         | 1         | 6         |
| ‘ Fruit and almonds                    | —            | — | 0         | 0         | 7         |
| ‘ Sweet water and perfumes             | —            | — | 0         | 0         | 4         |
| ‘ Sixteen oranges                      | —            | — | 0         | 0         | 2         |
| ‘ Two gallons of white wine and claret | —            | — | 0         | 2         | 0         |
| ‘ One quart of sack                    | —            | — | 0         | 0         | 9         |
| ‘ One quart of malmfey                 | —            | — | 0         | 0         | 5         |
| ‘ One quart of bustard                 | —            | — | 0         | 0         | 3         |
| ‘ One quart of muscadine,              | —            | — | 0         | 0         | 6         |
|  |              |   | <hr/>     |           |           |
|  |              |   | 1         | 18        | 1         |

‘ *A Speech made by Johnny Martyn of Norwich, a wealthy honest man, after Mr. Mayor Muigay’s dinner. Found in the collection of one Turner of Lyn Regis.*

‘ Maister Mayor of Norwych, and it please your worship, you have feasted us like a king, God blefs the queen’s grace. We have fed plentifully, and now whilom I can speak plain English, I heartily thank you master mayor, and so do we all, answer boys, answer ; your beer is pleasant and potent, and will soon catch us by the caput, and stop our manners. And so huzza for the queen’s majesty’s grace, and all her bonny browe’d dames of honour. Huzza for master mayor, and our good dame mayorefs. His noble grace, there he is, God save him and all this jolly company. To all our friends round county, who have a penny in their purse, and an English heart in their bodies, to keep out Spanish dons, and papists with their faggots to burn our whiskers.—Shove it about, twirl your cap cases, handle your jugs, and huzza for master mayor, and his brethren their worships.’

This volume is miserably eked out with wretched papers, poems, and letters to the late bard of Lambeth, commonly known by the name of Hesiod Cook. There seems to have been some connection between that truly original genius and the compiler of this work, who, we dare say, is the only writer in England, who would ever have dreamed of entertaining the public with such a correspondence. Here we find letters from Lewis Theobald, Leopard Welsted, Ambrose Philips, and other heroes



heroes of the Dunciad, which prove the truth of the old adage *asinum asinus fricat*. But, what is still more extraordinary, we meet with some letters, from which we learn, that even Poet Cook had his admirers and flatterers.

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ART. III. *A New Naval History: or, Compleat View of the British Marine. In which the royal navy and the merchant's service are traced through all their periods and different branches: with the lives of the admirals and navigators, who have honoured this nation, and distinguished themselves by their conduct, courage, victories, and discoveries. Including the most considerable naval expeditions, and sea-fights: our right to the dominion of the sea, and the dignity of the British flag: the laws and regulations for the government and œconomy of his majesty's navy; and the business and management of the several royal yards and docks in this kingdom. To which are added our right and title to the British colonies in North-America: and an abstract of the laws now in force for regulating our trade and commerce. Illustrated with copper plates. By John Entick, M. A. Folio. Pr. 1l. 10s. Manby.*

THE naval history of England was perfectly well known before this performance appeared. All the sea-transactions of consequence are mentioned in every complete history of this island; and three successive historians have written expressly on this subject: nay there was a folio volume that appeared last year, containing a naval history said to be compiled from the papers of one captain Berkeley, who, by the bye, never existed; and indeed, by this time the history itself is in oblivion. All these productions have not been able to deter Mr. Entick from launching out into the same ocean, and proffering to the public this tribute of his genius, which is literally of equal weight with the best of them. Other modern historians have piqued themselves upon retrenching the superfluities of their predecessors, reducing their works into a more portable size, polishing the stile, and amending the plan or disposition: but, this gentleman is more voluminous, dull, and unweildy, than even the editor of captain Berkeley's papers. His plan is common, and his stile contemptible; if indeed, he can be said to have any stile of his own who makes up his book with acts of parliament, instructions from the admiralty, trials and quotations from other historians and voyage writers. He that has read Burchett, Lediard, or the lives of the British admirals, published some years ago, will scarce find his account in turning over this huge mass of materials.



In the introduction, we find a very lame account of the British navy from the descent of Julius Cæsar to the Norman conquest. Then the author undertakes to vindicate and assert the title of Britain to the sovereignty of the sea; a task, which we apprehend, he has performed with at least as much zeal as ability. What follows is a tedious account of the British admiralty, including orders, regulations and instructions, tables, lists, catalogues, signals, and every article of naval œconomy, the knowledge of which may be of consequence to sea-officers.

The book begins with the marine affairs of William the Conqueror, and ends with the trial of the unfortunate admiral Byng, the whole comprehended in about 900 pages in folio.

We shall present the reader with the following curious account of king Edward III's fleet before Calais as Mr. Entick has transcribed it from Hackluit.

*' The Roll of King Edward III's Fleet before Calais, as recorded in  
' the Cotton Library, and in Hackluit.*

| ' The South Fleet.     | Cotton Libr. |          | Hackluit. |          |
|------------------------|--------------|----------|-----------|----------|
|                        | ships        | mariners | ships     | mariners |
| ' Furnished by         |              |          |           |          |
| ' The king             | 25           | 419      | 25        | 419      |
| ' London               | 25           | 662      | 25        | 662      |
| ' Milford (Aylesford)  | 2            | 24       | 2         | 24       |
| ' Hoo (Mome)           | 2            | 24       | 2         | 24       |
| ' Maidstone            |              |          | 2         | 51       |
| ' Hope                 | 2            | 4        | 2         | 59       |
| ' New Hyeth (Newhithe) | 5            | 19       | 5         | 49       |
| ' Margate              | 15           | 160      | 15        | 160      |
| ' Motme                | 2            | 23       | 2         | 22       |
| ' Feversham            | 2            | 23       | 2         | 25       |
| ' Sandwich             | 22           | 504      | 22        | 504      |
| ' Dover                | 21           | 336      | 16        | 336      |
| ' Wight                | 13           | 220      | 13        | 220      |
| ' Winchelsea           | 21           | 596      | 21        | 596      |
| ' Weymouth             | 20           | 264      | 15        | 263      |
| ' Lyme                 | 4            | 62       | 4         | 62       |
| ' Seaton               | 2            | 25       | 2         | 25       |
| ' Sydmouth             | 3            | 62       | 3         | 62       |
| ' Exmouth              | 10           | 193      | 10        | 193      |
| ' Tegmouth             | 7            | 120      | 7         | 120      |
| ' Dartmouth            | 31           | 757      | 31        | 757      |
| ' Portsmouth           | 5            | 96       | 5         | 96       |
| ' Plymouth             | 26           | 603      | 26        | 603      |
| ' Loo                  | 20           | 325      | 20        | 315      |
| ' Yalm (Yalye)         | 2            | 48       | 2         | 47       |

' The

| The South Fleet          | Cotton Lib. |      | Hackluit. |      |
|--------------------------|-------------|------|-----------|------|
|                          | ships       | mar. | ships     | mar. |
| Furnished by             |             |      |           |      |
| Foy (Fowey)              | 47          | 770  | 47        | 770  |
| Bristol                  | 24          | 608  | 22        | 608  |
| Tinmouth                 | 2           | 25   | 2         | 25   |
| Hastings                 | 5           | 96   | 5         | 96   |
| Romney                   | 4           | 75   | 4         | 65   |
| Rye                      | 9           | 156  | 9         | 156  |
| Hieth                    | 6           | 112  | 6         | 122  |
| Shoreham                 | 26          | 329  | 20        | 329  |
| Seaford                  | 5           | 80   | 5         | 80   |
| Newmouth                 | 2           | 18   | 2         | 18   |
| Hammoule-Hook            | 7           | 117  | 7         | 117  |
| Hooke                    | 11          | 208  | 11        | 208  |
| Southampton              | 21          | 576  | 21        | 576  |
| Lymington                | 9           | 159  | 9         | 159  |
| Poole                    | 4           | 94   | 4         | 94   |
| Wareham                  | 3           | 59   | 3         | 59   |
| Swansey                  | 1           | 29   | 1         | 29   |
| Ilfra-combe (Ithercom)   | 6           | 79   | 6         | 79   |
| Padstowe (Patrick-stowe) | 2           | 17   | 2         | 27   |
| Polerwan                 | 1           | 60   | 1         | 60   |
| Wadworth                 | 1           | 14   | 1         | 14   |
| Cardiffe (Hendeffe)      | 1           | 51   | 1         | 51   |
| Bridgwater               | 1           | 15   | 1         | 15   |
| Caermarthen              | 1           | 16   | 1         | 16   |
| Cailchefsworth           | 1           | 12   | 1         | 12   |
| Mulbrook                 | 1           | 12   | 1         | 12   |
| Total of the South Fleet | 493         | 9630 | 493       | 9630 |
| The North Fleet          |             |      |           |      |
| Bamburg                  | 1           | 9    | 1         | 9    |
| Newcastle                | 17          | 414  | 17        | 314  |
| Walwich (Walkrich)       | 1           | 12   | 1         | 12   |
| Hartlepool               | 5           | 145  | 5         | 145  |
| Hull                     | 16          | 466  | 16        | 466  |
| York                     | 1           | 9    | 1         | 9    |
| Ravenspur (Ravenfer)     | 1           | 28   | 1         | 27   |
| Woodhouse                | 1           | 12   | 1         | 22   |
| Stolkhithe (Stroke-hith) | 1           | 10   | 1         | 10   |
| Barton                   | 3           | 30   | 3         | 30   |
| Sun-fleet (Swyne-fleet)  | 1           | 11   | 1         | 11   |
| Salt-fleet               | 2           | 49   | 2         | 49   |
| Grimby (Gryn-fleet)      | 11          | 71   | 11        | 171  |
|                          |             |      |           | The  |

| The North Fleet.                 | Cotton Libr. |       | Hackluit. |              |
|----------------------------------|--------------|-------|-----------|--------------|
|                                  | ships        | mar.  | ships     | mar.         |
| Furnished by                     |              |       |           |              |
| Wain-fleet                       | 2            | 44    | 2         | 49           |
| Wrangle                          | 1            | 8     | 1         | 8            |
| Lynn                             | 19           | 482   | 16        | 382          |
| Blackney                         | 2            | 38    | 2         | 38           |
| Scarborough                      | 1            | 19    | 1         | 19           |
| Yarmouth                         | 43           | 1905  | 43        | 1075 or 1950 |
| Dunwich                          | 6            | 102   | 6         | 102          |
| Orford                           | 3            | 62    | 3         | 62           |
| Goford (Gofforord)               | 13           | 404   | 13        | 303          |
| Harwich                          | 14           | 283   | 14        | 283          |
| Ipswich                          | 12           | 239   | 12        | 239          |
| Mersey (Merten)                  | 1            | 6     | 1         | 6            |
| Brickelfea (Broughthelfea)       | 5            | 61    | 5         | 61           |
| Colchester                       | 5            | 170   | 5         | 90           |
| Whitbanas                        | 1            | 17    | 1         | 17           |
| Derwen                           | 1            | 15    | 1         | 15           |
| Boston                           | 17           | 361   | 17        | 361          |
| Suinumber                        | 1            | 32    | 1         | 32           |
| Malden                           | 2            | 32    | 2         | 32           |
| Barton                           | 5            | 61    | 5         | 91           |
| Total of the North Fleet         | 217          | 4521  | 217       | 4521         |
| Total of the whole English Fleet | 700 14151    |       | 700 14151 |              |
| Foreigners.                      |              |       |           |              |
| Bayon                            | 15           | 439   | 15        | 439          |
| Spain                            | 7            | 184   | 7         | 184          |
| Ireland                          | 1            | 25    | 1         | 35           |
| Flanders                         | 14           | 134   | 14        | 133          |
| Guelderland                      | 1            | 24    | 1         | 24           |
| Total of the whole Fleet         | 738          | 14956 | 738       | 14956        |

- The charge of the king's fleet and army in this expedition may be collected from the following account :
- The prince of Wales twenty shillings per diem.
  - The bishop of Durham, six shillings and eight-pence.
  - Thirteen earls, each by the day, six shillings and eight-pence.
  - Forty-four barons and bannerets, each by the day, four shillings.

One

‘ One thousand and forty-six knights, each by the day, two shillings.

‘ Esquires, constables, captains, and leaders, four thousand and twenty-two, each by the day, one shilling.

‘ Vintenars, that had the command of twenty men, or, as our serjeants, and archers on horseback, five thousand one hundred and four, each by the day, six-pence.

‘ Pauncenars, (they were most strangers, and perhaps so called from the antient Saxon and German word Pantzern, which signifies a coat of mail) three hundred fifty-five, each by the day, six-pence.

‘ Hebelars (perhaps pioneers, from the Saxon and German verb, Hobelen, to plain or make even), five hundred, each by the day, six-pence.

‘ Archers on foot, fifteen thousand four hundred and eighty, each by the day, three-pence.

‘ Masons, carpenters, smiths, engineers, tent-makers, miners, gunners armed, and those that had the care of the artillery, three hundred and fourteen, some at a shilling, others at ten-pence, six-pence, and three-pence, by the day.

‘ Welchmen, foot, four thousand four hundred and seventy-four, whereof two hundred vintenars, each by the day, four-pence; the residue, each by the day, two-pence.

‘ The whole number of the men of the army was, besides the lords, thirty-one thousand two hundred and ninety-four.

‘ Masters, captains, mariners, and boys, for seven hundred ships, barges, balingers, and victuallers, sixteen thousand.

‘ The sum total of the war, with the wages of the mariners, from the fourth of June, in the twentieth year of Edward III. to the twelfth of October, in the twenty first year of his reign, one year and a hundred and thirty-one days, one hundred twenty-seven thousand, one hundred and one pounds two shillings and nine-pence, ob.’

The next curious thing we meet with in this performance, is part of a history in rhyme, intituled, *De politia conservativa maris*, written in the glorious reign of Henry V. This is, in fact, a just and minute account of all the different branches of commerce, and all the articles of export and import which at that time constituted the trade of England. The author of this piece has been much more intent upon the historical than upon the poetical part of his performance; nevertheless there is a vein of humour that runs through it, and the versification is not despicable. Speaking of our trade with Italy:

‘ The great gallies of Venice and Florence

‘ Be well laden with things of complacence,

‘ All



- ‘ All spicery and of grocer’s ware :
- ‘ With sweet wines, all manner of chaffare,
- ‘ Apes, and japes, and marmusets tailed,
- ‘ Nifles and trifles that little have availed :
- ‘ And things with which they featly blear our eye :
- ‘ With things not enduring that we buy.
- ‘ For much of this chaffare that is waitable
- ‘ Might be forborn for dear and deceivable.
- ‘ And that I mean as for infirmities
- ‘ In our England are such commodities,
- ‘ Withouten help of any other land
- ‘ Which by wit and practice both found :
- ‘ That all humours might be voided sure,
- ‘ Which that we gleder with our English cure :
- ‘ That we should have no need of scamoney,
- ‘ Turbit, euforbe, correct diagredy,
- ‘ Rhubarb, fena, and yet they be too needful,
- ‘ But I know things also speedful,
- ‘ That growen here, as those things said,
- ‘ Let of this matter no man be dismay’d ;
- ‘ But that a man may void infirmity
- ‘ Without degrees set fro beyond the sea.
- ‘ And if they should except be any thing
- ‘ It were but sugar, trust to my saying :
- ‘ He that trusteth not to my saying and sentence,
- ‘ Let him better search experience.
- ‘ In this matter I will not farther prease,
- ‘ Whoso not believeth, let him leave and cease.
- ‘ Thus these gallies for this licking ware,
- ‘ And eating ware, bare hence our best chaffare :
- ‘ Cloth, wool, and tin, which, as I said before,
- ‘ Out of this land worst might be forebore,
- ‘ For each other land of necessity
- ‘ Have great need to buy some of them three :
- ‘ And we receive of him into this cost
- ‘ Ware and chaffare that lightly will be lost.
- ‘ And would Jesus, that our Lordis wold
- ‘ Consider this well both young and old :
- ‘ Namely, old that have experience,
- ‘ That might the young exhort to prudence ;
- ‘ What harm, what hurt, and what hinderance
- ‘ Is done to us, unto our great grievance,
- ‘ Of such lands, and of such nations :
- ‘ As expert men know by probations,
- ‘ By writings as discovered our counsails,
- ‘ And false colour always the countertailes

- ‘ Of our enemies ; that doth us hindering
- ‘ Unto our goods, our realm, and to the king
- ‘ As wise men have shewed well at eye ;
- ‘ And all this coloured is by merchandy.’

This antient bard concludes with the following earnest exhortation to all English statesmen to consider the importance of his arguments concerning our trade, navigation, and naval power.

- ‘ Now then for love of Christ, and of his joy,
- ‘ Bring it England out of trouble and noy :
- ‘ Take heart and wit, and set a governance,
- ‘ Set many wits withouten variance,
- ‘ To one accord and unanimity.
- ‘ Put to good will for to keep the sea,
- ‘ First for worship and profit also,
- ‘ And to rebuke of each evil willed foe.
- ‘ Thus shall worship and riches to us long.
- ‘ Then to the noble shall we do no wrong,
- ‘ To bear that coin in figure and in deed,
- ‘ To our courage, and to our enemies dread :
- ‘ For which they must dress ’em to peace in haste,
- ‘ Or else their thrift to standen, and to waste.
- ‘ As this process hath proved by and by
- ‘ All by reason and expert policy ;
- ‘ And by stories which proved well this part ;
- ‘ Or else I will my life put in jeoparte,
- ‘ But many londs would seek her peace for need,
- ‘ The sea well kept : it must be do for dread.
- ‘ Thus must Flanders for need have unity
- ‘ And peace with us : it will non other be,
- ‘ Within short while ; and ambassadors
- ‘ Would been here soon to treat for their succours.
- ‘ This unity is to God pleasance ;
- ‘ And peace after the wars variance,
- ‘ The end of battle is peace sikerly,
- ‘ And power causeth peace finally.
- ‘ Keep then the sea about in special,
- ‘ Which of England is the town-wall.
- ‘ As though England were likened to a city ;
- ‘ And the wall environ were the sea.
- ‘ Keep then the sea that is the wall of England,
- ‘ And then is England kept by God’s hand :
- ‘ That as for any thing that is without,
- ‘ England were at ease withouten doubt.’

We cannot see with what propriety Mr. Entick has inserted the life of Columbus, in a naval history of England : he might

as well have thrown in the conquest of Mexico, to enrich and magnify his performance.

The reader will be entertained with the following extract, from the journal of captain Saris, an English mariner, who made a voyage to Japan in the year 1611. His kind reception at the emperor's court was owing to the interest of one Mr. Adams, a native of Limehouse, who had been settled for some years in Japan, and acquired a great degree of favour with the emperor.

“ We set sail (says the captain) from Firando, and passed  
 “ by several islands; the most part are very well inhabited,  
 “ and had fair towns upon them, but the first of note that we  
 “ put in at was Fuecate, a very large and considerable place,  
 “ not much less than London; within the walls very well built,  
 “ and so even and uniform, that one might see from one end  
 “ of a street to another. It has a strong stone castle, a good  
 “ ditch, and a drawbridge, all kept in very good repair; but  
 “ no soldiers or ordnance. As for ordnance, indeed, I did not  
 “ so much wonder to find none, since there was no such thing  
 “ at Firando; and it is a sort of military furniture that the Ja-  
 “ ponese are wholly without. All along this coast, and so up  
 “ to Osaca, we found women that lived with their whole fa-  
 “ milies upon the water, getting their livelihood by fishing, at  
 “ which they were very great artists; but they had two strings  
 “ to their bow, and it was next to impossible for the fish to  
 “ escape them; for what they missed with their lines and nets,  
 “ they would dive for, and catch that way without fail; and  
 “ this they would do with ease, to the depth of eight fathom.  
 “ These women are very easy to be known from all others,  
 “ for, by continual diving, their eyes were strangely altered,  
 “ and looked as red as blood; and by this token the diving  
 “ women are distinguished in Japan.

“ When we passed the streights of Xemina-soque, the next  
 “ town of note we came to was Osaca, nothing inferior to the  
 “ former in compass and dimensions, and one of the principal  
 “ sea-ports of the empire. There is a river comes up to it as  
 “ wide as the Thames, and several very fine timber-bridges laid  
 “ over it. It has a castle very extraordinary for bigness and  
 “ strength, with very deep trenches about it, and several  
 “ draw-bridges artificially made, and grates so strongly plated  
 “ with iron, as may seem to bid defiance to any battery in the  
 “ world. The whole building of the castle is of free-stone,  
 “ and the walls are of the same; but a matter of seven yards  
 “ thick, and put together without any mortar or cement; the  
 “ stones being so nicely cut, as to lie perfectly close together,  
 “ and needs no other binding; only if there happens to be a



“ void space any where, they throw a little earth to fill up  
 “ the crevice, and that is all they do. It is regularly contrived,  
 “ strengthened with bulwarks and battlements, with good store  
 “ of loop-holes for small shot and arrows, and various passages  
 “ for the throwing out of stones upon those that should come  
 “ to attempt it.

“ Over against Ofaca, on the other side of the river, lies  
 “ another great town, called Sacay, a place of very great trade  
 “ for all the isles thereabouts. At Fushimi, to which we came  
 “ next, we found a garrison of 3000 soldiers, appointed for  
 “ the keeping some of these parts in good order. This garrison  
 “ is shifted every three years; and the change happening  
 “ when we came thither, we had the advantage of seeing something  
 “ of the rules of their military discipline: they generally  
 “ march no more than five a-breast, and to every ten files  
 “ there's an officer deputed, who regulates the march, and  
 “ keeps all in perfect order. Their disposition, according to  
 “ the quality of their arms, is thus: first of all march their  
 “ shot, that is, calievers, for muskets they have none, neither  
 “ will they use any; then follow pikes, then cattans and targets,  
 “ bows and arrows, waggadashees or hooks, and lastly,  
 “ calievers again close the march; and among all these they have  
 “ no colours, drums, trumpets, nor any sort of warlike music.

“ The Japonese horses are not large or high, but of the size  
 “ of our middling horses, small headed, and extremely full of  
 “ mettle; and, in my opinion, far beyond Spanish gennets,  
 “ both in stately carriage and spirit. Their soldiers observe  
 “ very good order upon the road, and are so exactly governed,  
 “ that they are as welcome at the public-houses as any guests  
 “ whatever, no man is in the least disturbed or incommoded  
 “ by them; they take what they find as other people do, and  
 “ pay for it without any quarrelling: the roads are very well  
 “ furnished with houses of entertainment; and when there are  
 “ soldiers upon their march, they provide victuals for them;  
 “ so that they have, at an instant's warning, what they want,  
 “ and at very cheap rates; a dinner of good wholesome food,  
 “ and enough of it, from two shillings downward, to one  
 “ penny.

“ The diet generally used through the country is rice of several  
 “ sorts, the white being counted the best; fish fresh and  
 “ salted, herbs, radishes, beans, duck, teal, pheasant, partridge,  
 “ quail and fowls: of beasts they have all sorts; of deer, wild  
 “ boars, goats, and black cattle; cheese also in great plenty;  
 “ but butter they make none; neither will they eat any milk,  
 “ because they esteem it the blood of the animal; and, for  
 “ what reason I know not, they will not touch a bit of any  
 “ tame



“ tame beasts, though they have them in abundance. Their  
 “ wheat ought not to be forgotten, which is as plump and as  
 “ good as any, but all of the red colour. We did in our tra-  
 “ vels buy rice at a halfpenny per pound; hens and pheasants  
 “ the best and fattest for three-pence a piece; pigs very large  
 “ for a shilling; a fat hog for five shillings; a good ox for  
 “ sixteen shillings; and a goat at three shillings. The drinks  
 “ in request in this country are only the spirits distilled from  
 “ the rice very strong, and of the colour of Canary, and com-  
 “ mon water, which is the common drink of the poorer sort of  
 “ people, that can't reach to the price of other liquor. They  
 “ always drink their water warm, and say they that it is good  
 “ to kill the worms in the maw.

“ Our motions being directed to Suranga, where the empe-  
 “ ror then kept his court, by the latter end of this month we  
 “ had gone as far as our way lay by water; and now being to  
 “ finish the remainder of our journey by land, we were furnished  
 “ with horses, and all conveniences for that purpose, at the  
 “ emperor's charge. I had also a palankin or one of their  
 “ sedans provided for me, and a fresh supply of men drawn  
 “ out of every place for the carrying me therein, when I was  
 “ tired of my horse; and, for the greater state, a slave ap-  
 “ pointed to run with a pike before the palankin. The king's  
 “ harbingers also went before, and took up our lodging upon  
 “ the road. This part of the journey was very pleasant and  
 “ easy; the way, for the most part, is exceeding even and  
 “ plain; and wherever there was any rugged mountainous  
 “ ground, a smooth level passage was cut through it. This  
 “ road is all along good sand and gravel; it is divided into  
 “ leagues for the benefit of travellers; and at every league's  
 “ end are two small hills raised, on either side one, and upon  
 “ each a fine pine-tree planted. The design of which mark is  
 “ to make travellers competent judges of the length of their  
 “ own journies, that they may not be abused by the hackney-  
 “ men, and those that let out horses, and so pay for a greater  
 “ number of miles than they have rode.

“ All along the road you meet with multitudes of people  
 “ passing and repassing, and towns, and pleasant villages, farms,  
 “ and country-houses; and sometimes temples standing at a  
 “ little distance in shady groves, with the habitations of the  
 “ priests round about them. The most unpleasant sight we  
 “ had, was the sight of the malefactors fastened upon crosses,  
 “ near all the great towns where those executions had been  
 “ performed. Crucifying is a very common punishment among  
 “ them at Japan; and, as they manage it, it is some sort of  
 “ punishment to travellers too, to pass by a multitude of noi-

“ some, putrifying carcases and bodies ; besides the horror of  
“ the sight, to have the disturbance of the smell those bodies  
“ yield : and we had the worst trial of all when we came to  
“ Suranga ; there were crosses, scaffolds, and gibbets, heads,  
“ carcases, and limbs, hanging about in so many places with-  
“ out the city, that our pleasure in going along was greatly  
“ lessened. Suranga seems to be as big as London, even  
“ taking in the whole compass of the suburbs : The outer parts  
“ of it we found entirely taken up by mechanics and artificers  
“ of all sorts, placed there for the ease and quiet of the gen-  
“ teeler people, who don't care to be disturbed with the noise  
“ and bustle the others made in their trades.

“ After a repose of a day or two, I went with all my com-  
“ pany in a body to the castle, to have audience of the em-  
“ peror, and to deliver the presents intended for that court ;  
“ I was introduced by two of the greatest men then in atten-  
“ dance, the emperor's secretary and his admiral. These led  
“ me first into a very fine matted room, where we sat down  
“ for some time, according to their custom, upon mats ; then  
“ they brought me into a chamber of presence, where stood  
“ an empty chair of state, to which I was obliged to do reve-  
“ rence. After some short time, word was brought that the  
“ emperor was come into the room of audience, to the door  
“ of which these courtiers brought me, but durst not pre-  
“ sume to look in themselves. The custom is, for all the pre-  
“ sents that are brought to be placed in order upon the mats  
“ of that room into which the emperor comes ; and accord-  
“ ingly, when I came in, I found them all in a very orderly  
“ manner laid before him. He received his majesty's letter  
“ with the civility of that country, lifting it up towards his  
“ forehead, and then, by his interpreter, bid me welcome :  
“ he desired me to go and see the king his son at Eddo, (with  
“ all the necessaries for which journey he would take care to  
“ furnish me) and by that time I returned, his letters should  
“ be ready for our king.

“ The articles relating to trade and privilege, which we re-  
“ quested his majesty's confirmation of, were all easily granted  
“ by him, one only excepted, respecting the Chinese : it was  
“ to this purpose, That whereas the Chinese had refused all  
“ trade and commerce with the English, if we could take any  
“ of them abroad at sea, it might be lawful for us to bring  
“ them into Japan, and make sale of the goods so taken in his  
“ majesty's dominions. This the emperor granted at first ;  
“ but his mind was altered afterwards by a conference with  
“ the ambassador of China, and he refused to allow it. The  
“ rest all passed under his great seal, which is not of wax like  
“ ours,

“ ours, but stamped like a print, and coloured red. The secretary would take no present, nor any thing like a gratuity from us; the emperor, it seems, had commanded the contrary, and it was as much as his life was worth to do it.

“ Having seen this business done, we set out from Surangā for the great city of Eddo, where the emperor's son the young king keeps his court. The country is well inhabited between these two cities; the towns and villages lie thick, and the totoques, or temples, scattering up and down in good numbers too. There is one mighty image, (which they call Dabis) that stands in this road, at which all the Japanese stop to pay their devotions, when they go this way. It is made of copper, all hollow within, though very thick. It is in the shape of a man kneeling on the ground, with his buttocks resting on his heels, and his arms extended. He is represented wearing a gown; and, notwithstanding that bending posture, is twenty two feet from the level of the ground, and all the body proportionably large. Some of our men went into the body of it, and then fell a hollowing and hoop- ing; the noise of which out of the wide mouth of the image was much such agreeable sort of musick as, I believe, was made by Phalaris's brazen bull. It stands conveniently to entertain the devotion of pilgrims in their passage to the celebrated temple of Tencheday; for they always make a pause at Dabis; but this is but a slight ceremony.

“ It is at Tencheday's temple the great work is to be done, and the pilgrims expect to receive the reward of their travel. And here one may meet all sorts of people, rich and poor, sound and distempered, continually coming and going thither, and that by night as well as by day, and all the year round. About the middle of this month we came to Eddo, a city much larger than Suranga, nobler in its buildings, and every way more glorious in its appearance. The very tiles of the houses are gilded, and the posts of the doors set off with shining varnish. They have no glass-windows, but all of board, which open in leaves, and are very delicately painted. There is a causeway runs through the chief street in the city, which street is as broad as any in England; and a fine river passes along by, or rather underneath, the causeway. At every fifty paces there is a well-head substantially fitted up of free-stone, and provided with buckets for the people in case of any danger by fire. The castle of this city is a much stronger and nobler edifice than that of Suranga; and the young king lives in much greater state, and has a more pompous attendance than the emperor his father.



“ He received us in a very obliging manner, taking the  
 “ king’s letters and presents with a wonderful satisfaction and  
 “ content, and giving us all the welcome imaginable. He gave  
 “ us letters for our king, and a present of two intire suits of  
 “ Japan armour, finely varnished, and a long sword for my-  
 “ self: it is to be noted, that the cattans are a common wear,  
 “ but the talahes, or long swords, are worn only by great sol-  
 “ diers, and persons of the best account. It is said to be no  
 “ less than twenty-two days journey on horseback from this  
 “ city of Eddo to the most northern part of Japan, which makes  
 “ it a country of a vast extent. Our business here being no  
 “ more than the paying a compliment: which being done, we  
 “ had no further occasion of staying; and having got this  
 “ prince’s letters and presents for the king of England, we  
 “ went back to Suranga, where we arrived again at the end of  
 “ this month.

“ We were not obliged to wait long in this city; for our  
 “ dispatches, the emperor’s letter, and the instrument con-  
 “ taining our privileges, and the terms upon which we  
 “ were to establish a factory in Japan, being, through the  
 “ care, industry, and interest of Mr. Adams, both speedily and  
 “ effectually dispatched; so that we had no reason to complain  
 “ either of the delays or disappointments that are usually met  
 “ with at courts; and of which we understood by report, that  
 “ of Japan is not more free than others, if one has not a good  
 “ agent, as luckily for us we had.”

“ The letter from the emperor of Japan to the king of Great  
 “ Britain is thus translated; and though this version is not li-  
 “ teral, yet it is very strict, and expresses the meaning of the  
 “ original very exactly; so that the sense and spirit of these Ja-  
 “ poneſe papers may be clearly apprehended thereby.

“ To the King of Great Britain.

“ Your majesty’s kind letter sent me by your servant capt. John  
 “ Saris (who is the first that I have known to arrive in any part  
 “ of my dominions) I heartily embrace, being not a little glad  
 “ to understand of your great wisdom and power, as having  
 “ three plentiful and mighty kingdoms under your powerful  
 “ command. I acknowledge your majesty’s great bounty, in  
 “ sending me so undeserved a present of many rare things, such  
 “ as my land affordeth not; neither have I ever before seen,  
 “ which I receive not as from a stranger, but as from your  
 “ majesty, whom I esteem as myself, desiring the continuance  
 “ of friendship with your highness; and that it may stand with  
 “ your good-liking to send your subjects to any part or port of  
 “ my dominions, where they shall be most heartily welcome,  
 “ applauding



“ applauding much their worthiness in the admiral’s know-  
 “ ledge of navigation, having with much facility discovered a  
 “ country so remote ; being no whit amazed with the distance  
 “ of so mighty a gulph, nor greatness of such infinite clouds  
 “ and storms, from prosecuting honourable enterprises of dis-  
 “ coveries and merchandising, wherein they shall find me to  
 “ further them, according to their desires. I return unto your  
 “ majesty a small token of my love, (by your said subject) de-  
 “ siring you to accept thereof, as from him that much re-  
 “ joiceth in your friendship. And whereas your majesty’s sub-  
 “ jects have desired certain privileges for trade, and settling of  
 “ a factory in my dominions, I have not only granted what  
 “ they demanded, but have confirmed the same unto them,  
 “ under my broad-seal, for better establishing thereof. From  
 “ my castle in Suranga, this fourth day of the ninth month, in  
 “ the eighteenth year of our dary, according to our computation.  
 “ Resting your majesty’s friend, the highest commander in this  
 “ kingdom of Japan. Subscribed *Minna Mouttono. Yei Ye*  
 “ *Yeas.*”

We shall make one other extract to honour the memory of a gallant English mariner Edward Nichols, commander of the ship *Dolphin* of and from London.

“ Having finished our business at Zant, we departed thence  
 “ towards the latter end of the year 1616, being bound with  
 “ our loading for England. Our ship was named the *Dolphin*  
 “ of London, of the burden of 220 tons, or thereabouts, hav-  
 “ ing in her about nineteen cast pieces of ordnance, and five  
 “ murtherers, manned with thirty-six men and two boys. The  
 “ master of her was Mr. Edward Nichols, a man of great skill,  
 “ courage, industry, and proved experience, who making for  
 “ England, we got clear of the island the first of January 1617.  
 “ The wind being north and by east with a prosperous gale,  
 “ by the 8th in the morning we had sight of the island of Sar-  
 “ dinia.

“ The wind being then come westerly, the 9th in the morn-  
 “ ing we stood in for Callery ; and at noon the wind being  
 “ southerly, we came close by two little watch-towers, who  
 “ shot two shot at us to give warning that they would speak to  
 “ us ; but the approaching night would not permit. If we  
 “ could have sent ashore to them, their intention was, as we  
 “ heard afterwards, to have informed us of the Turkish men  
 “ of war, which we afterwards met withal to our cost and peril  
 “ as well as theirs, for these towers were not above two leagues  
 “ from the place where we made our fight. This night, the  
 “ wind growing calm, we sailed towards cape Pola. The 10th  
 “ we had very little wind, or none at all, till it was two o’clock

“ in

“ in the afternoon, which drove us above three leagues east-  
 “ ward from the cape ; here we espied a fleet of ships upon the  
 “ main of Sardinia near unto the road called Callery, belong-  
 “ ing to the king of Spain.

“ The 12th of January in the morning watch, about four  
 “ o'clock we had sight of a sail making from the shore towards  
 “ us, which put into our minds some doubt and fear, and  
 “ coming near unto us, we discovered her to be a *sattie*, which  
 “ is a ship much like unto an *argosy*, of a very great bur-  
 “ then and bigness. She stood in to get between the shore and  
 “ us, which perceiving, we imagined some more ships not to  
 “ be far off, whereupon our master sent one of our company  
 “ up into the main-top, who discovered five sail of ships one  
 “ after another coming up before the wind, which was then at  
 “ W. S. W. With his perspective glass he perceived them to be  
 “ Turkish men of war, the first of them booming by himself,  
 “ before the wind, with his flag in the main-top, and all his sails  
 “ gallantly spread abroad ; after him came the admiral and  
 “ the vice-admiral of greater burden than the first, and after  
 “ him two more, the rear admiral larger than all the rest, and  
 “ his companion.

“ They seemed all prepared for any desperate assault ; where-  
 “ upon we immediately made ready our ordnance and small  
 “ shot, and with no little resolution prepared ourselves to  
 “ withstand them. This being done, we went to prayers, and  
 “ then to dinner, where our master gave us such noble encou-  
 “ ragement, that our hearts even thirsted to prove the success ;  
 “ and being in readiness for the fight, our master went upon  
 “ the poop, and spake to us in the following manner :

“ Countrymen and fellows, you see into what an exigency  
 “ it has pleased God to suffer us to fall : let us remember that  
 “ we are but men, and must of necessity die ; when, where, and  
 “ how, is alone in God's knowledge and appointment ; but if  
 “ it be his pleasure, that this must be the last of our days, his  
 “ will be done, and let us for his glory, our soul's welfare, our  
 “ country's honour, and the credit of ourselves, fight it vali-  
 “ antly to the last gasp. Let us prefer a noble death before a  
 “ slavish life ; and if we die, let us die to gain a better life. For  
 “ my part, I will see, if we escape this danger, that, if any be  
 “ hurt and maimed in the fight, they shall be carefully provided  
 “ for, for their health and maintenance as long as they live.  
 “ Be therefore resolute, stand to it, here is no shrinking. We  
 “ must be either men or slaves. Die with me, or if you will  
 “ not, by God's grace, I will die with you.

“ This done, he waved his sword three times, shaking it with  
 “ such dauntless courage, as if he had already won the victory.

“ Hereupon

“ Hereupon we seconded him with like forwardness ; and, he  
“ causing his trumpets to sound, gave unto us much more en-  
“ couragement than before ; and being within shot of them,  
“ our master commanded his gunner to make his level and to  
“ shoot, which he did, but missed them all. At this, the  
“ foremost of them bore up apace, for he had the wind of us,  
“ and returned us worse than we sent, for their first shot killed  
“ one of our men.

“ Then ensued for a great space a most fierce encounter be-  
“ twixt us ; and they having the advantage of us, by reason  
“ of the wind, by eleven or twelve o'clock they had torn our  
“ ship in such manner, that we used our guns clear of the ports,  
“ they having left us no ports on the quarters, but all open.  
“ We were, however, not in their debt, for we had not left  
“ them one man alive from their main-mast forward : besides,  
“ we dismounted their ordnance, and tore them so near the  
“ water, that their chief commanders were forced with their  
“ cutlasses to beat their own men, and to drive them to their  
“ duty. By this time they laid us aboard with one of their  
“ ships, which was of 200 tons, or thereabouts, and had in  
“ her 25 pieces of ordnance, and about 250 men. The cap-  
“ tain thereof was one Walsingham, who seemed by his name  
“ to be, as we afterwards found he was, an Englishman, and  
“ admiral of the fleet ; for so it signified by the flag in his main-  
“ top. Having, as I said, boarded our ship, he entered on the  
“ larboard-quarter, his men armed, some with sabres, which  
“ we called fauchions, some with hatchets, and some with  
“ half-pikes, where they staid half an hour or thereabouts,  
“ tearing up our nail-boards upon the poop, and the trap-  
“ hatch ; but we having a murtherer in the round-house, kept  
“ the larboard-side clear, whilst our men, with the other ord-  
“ nance and muskets, and a murtherer in our trap-hatch,  
“ played upon their ship ; yet, for all this, they plied our  
“ gallery with small shot in such sort, that we stood in great  
“ danger to yield.

“ At the last, we shot them quite through and through, and  
“ they us likewise ; but they being afraid they should have  
“ been sunk by us, bore a-head of our ship ; and, as they passed  
“ along, we gave them a broad-side, that they were forced to  
“ lay by the lee, and to stop their leaks. This fight conti-  
“ nued two hours by our glass and better, and so near the  
“ shore, that the dwellers thereupon saw all the beginning and  
“ the ending, and what danger we stood in ; for upon the  
“ shore stood a little house, wherein was likewise turned a glass  
“ all the time during the fight, which measured the hours as  
“ they passed : and this was Walsingham's part of the fight.

“ The



“ The next fight was with one captain Kelly’s ship, which  
 “ came likewise up with his flag in the main-top, and another  
 “ ship with his flag in the fore-top ; which ships were at least  
 “ 300 ton a piece, and had in each of them 28 or 30 pieces of  
 “ ordnance, and about 250 men. They laid us aboard, one  
 “ on the starboard-quarter, and the other on the larboard, where  
 “ entering our ship thick and threefold with their scimeters,  
 “ hatchets, half-pikes, and other weapons, put us in great  
 “ danger both of the loss of our ship and our lives ; for they  
 “ performed much manhood and many dangerous hazards.  
 “ Amongst these, there was one of their company that despe-  
 “ rately went up into our main-top to fetch down our flag,  
 “ which being spied by the steward of our ship, he presently  
 “ shot with his musket, that he fell upon our deck, and was  
 “ presently cast into the sea, leaving the flag behind him.

“ Thus these two ships fought with us with great resolution,  
 “ playing upon us with their ordnance, and small shot, for the  
 “ space of an hour and a half, of whom we received some hurt,  
 “ and likewise they of us ; but when they saw they could not  
 “ prevail, nor any way make us to yield, they bore up, and  
 “ passed from us to lay their ships by the lee to stop their leaks,  
 “ for we had grievously torn and battered them with our great  
 “ ordnance ; and this was the second attempt they made upon  
 “ us.

“ Now for the third, there came two more of captain Kelly’s  
 “ ships, of 250 tons a piece, each of them had 22 pieces of  
 “ ordnance, and at least 200 men, all well provided as might  
 “ be, which was as we thought too great a number for us, be-  
 “ ing so few in our ship ; but God that was our friend gave us  
 “ such strength and success, that they little prevailed against us ;  
 “ for at their first coming up, notwithstanding all their mul-  
 “ titude of men, we shot one of them quite thro’ and thro’,  
 “ and laid him likewise by the lee, as we had done the others  
 “ before. But the other ship remaining, laid us aboard on  
 “ the starboard-side, and in that quarter they entered our  
 “ ship with their scimitars, fauchions, half-pikes, and other  
 “ weapons, running to and fro upon the deck, crying still in  
 “ the Turkish tongue, *Yield yourselves, yield yourselves*, promising  
 “ we should be well used, and have one third part of our goods  
 “ delivered back, with such like fair promises.

“ At this one of our company told the master of the large  
 “ offer the Turks made, persuading him to yield : but the  
 “ master replied, *Away, villain, I will never give them part or*  
 “ *quarter, whilst I have any quarters to my body.* Whereupon he,  
 “ giving no ear to them, stood stiffly in our defence, chusing  
 “ rather to die than to yield, as it is still the nature and con-



“ dition of all Englishmen ; and being thus resolved, some of  
“ our men played our ordnance against them, some played with  
“ the small shot, some fought with other weapons, as swords,  
“ and half-pikes, and such like. In the midst of this skirmish,  
“ it so happened, by ill chance, that our ship was fired, and in  
“ great danger to be lost and cast away, had not the Lord in  
“ his mercy preserved us, and sent us means happily to quench  
“ it ; but now mark the accident. The fire being perceived by  
“ our enemies to burn outrageously, and thinking that our  
“ ship would have suddenly consumed to the water, they left  
“ us to our fortunes, falling astern from us ; and so we put  
“ ashore under the little house for some succour. Here we let  
“ an anchor fall thinking to ride there all night ; which we had  
“ no sooner done, but we saw another ship bear upon us,  
“ whereupon we were sore frightened, and so forced to let our  
“ anchor slip, and set sail to get better succour ; the enemy,  
“ at the same time, being weary of our company, hoisting out  
“ their boats to stop their leaks. We for our parts put into  
“ the road, between the two little forts, where we lay five days  
“ mending the bruises and leaks of our ship. The losses we re-  
“ ceived in the aforesaid fights were six men and one boy, which  
“ were killed outright, and there were hurt eight men and one  
“ boy more : but the Lord knows what damage we put them  
“ to, and what number we slew in their ships.

“ The master of our ship being at the helm was shot twice  
“ betwixt the legs ; the surgeon dressing the wounds of one of  
“ our men, a ball of wild-fire fell into his basin, which he  
“ suddenly cast into the sea, otherwise it had greatly endan-  
“ gered us. The Turks were aboard and sounded their trum-  
“ pets, notwithstanding which our men assaulted them so fierce-  
“ ly, that they forced them off ; and the boatswain, seeing  
“ them fly, most undauntedly with a whistle dared them to the  
“ skirmish, if so they durst. The captains of three of their  
“ ships were Englishmen who took part with the Turks, thus  
“ to rob and spoil upon the ocean ; their names were Walsing-  
“ ham, Kelly, and Sampson.

“ Upon the 13th of January there came aboard certain Spa-  
“ niards, in the morning betimes, to witness what hurts we  
“ had received, who, seeing some of our men dead, went  
“ ashore with us, and shewed us where we might bury them :  
“ but as we were busy in making their graves, and covering  
“ their bodies with earth, there came sailing by a Flemish ship  
“ of 240 tons, which had in her 5 or 6000*l*. She had been  
“ chased by those men of war that had fought with us before,  
“ and therefore they brought in a long-boat all the money to  
“ the shore, and left in the ship only a few men and boys ;  
“ who

“ who afterwards, within two days, brought the said ship  
 “ into the road, not any thing at all endangered, God be  
 “ praised.

“ Upon the 15th of the same month, when we came from  
 “ the burying of our men, and had rested ourselves in our ship  
 “ about two or three hours, as God would have it, the wind  
 “ began to blow a strong gale, and by little and little grew to  
 “ a terrible tempest; through which, from Sunday night till  
 “ Friday in the evening, we lay in such extremity of weather,  
 “ as rain, wind, lightening, and thunder, that we thought we  
 “ should never have got clear from the road where we lay.  
 “ During this storm and tempest there died one of our men  
 “ that had been hurt in the fight, whose body we cast over-  
 “ board into the sea without any other burial; and so when  
 “ the wind and sea was a little calmed, we set up sail and came  
 “ forward. Within three days after, we buried three men  
 “ more in the sea, and the same afternoon we arrived in the  
 “ road of Callery, and lay at anchor; where, again searching  
 “ our ship, we found it rent and torn in four several places;  
 “ one in the gun-room, another between the decks, the third  
 “ in the sketeridge, and the fourth in the master's round-house;  
 “ so in Callery we mended our ship, and hired certain men  
 “ there to help us to stop our leaks. Having all things most  
 “ fitting for our voyage homewards, upon the 30th of January  
 “ we committed our fortune again unto the sea; and so leav-  
 “ ing Callery, we came forward with a Frenchman who was  
 “ bound to a place called Orasone, about thirty leagues from  
 “ Callery; where, after two days, we left his company, being  
 “ the first of February; and, after that putting forwards still  
 “ towards England, we arrived safe in the Thames.”

This account is copied from Purchas; and, indeed, in this whole book there is scarce any thing that Mr. Entick can call his own, except the mere form of the composition, which is flat enough. It is a huge oglio made up of scraps which few appetites will relish, and no stomach be able to digest.

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ART. IV. *The Posthumous Works of Dr. Thomas Parnell, late Archdeacon of Clogher; containing poems moral and divine: and on various other subjects.* 8vo. Pr. 4s. Johnston.

IT is as little consonant to justice, that a man should be answerable for *literary* as for *moral* works that are not *his own*. The public will therefore, we hope, pay more regard to the memory of Dr. *Parnell* than to suppose him author of the poems attributed to him by the nameless editor of this collection,

1

who

who has, notwithstanding, ushered them into the world with a pompous asseveration that they are genuine. He acquaints us, in a short preface, that they were put into his hands by the son of the late *Benjamin Everard*, Esq; who had them from Dr. *Parnell* himself. He likewise produces a receipt \* in Dean *Swift*'s own hand-writing (though he does not inform us how he came by it, or where it is to be seen) which shews them to be the indisputable work of the *Archdeacon of Clogher*. This evidence the editor thinks it necessary to give, 'lest the poems (he says) might be doubted to be really *his*.' An evidence which, strong as the editor may think it, will still, we are apprehensive, be found insufficient to make the judicious reader believe these poems were ever written by Dr. *Parnell*. We cannot easily persuade ourselves that so elegant, pure, and spirited a writer could ever fall so far beneath himself as to let such flat and insipid stuff as this whole volume is, drop from his pen. The editor indeed is of opinion (*see his preface*) that these productions at least 'come up to, if not excel, any of his former;' and that the doctor seems to have been 'actuated, or rather divinely inspired, in that part of these poems where the subject is 'taken from the Holy Scriptures.' As a proof of the truth of the editor's assertion, we will appeal to the following lines as a specimen, taken from the second poem in this collection, intitled, *Moses*, where, speaking of the passage of the Israelites, he says,

' Look, where the tyrant was but lately seen,  
' The seas gave backward, and he ventured in :  
' In yonder gulph with haughty pomp he shew'd,  
' Here march'd his horsemen, there his chariots rode,  
' And when our God restor'd the floods again,  
' Ah, vainly strong ! they perish'd in the main,  
' But Israel went a dry surprising way,  
' Made safe by miracles, amidst the sea.'

Nothing surely can be more unlike Dr. *Parnell*, except this burlesque of a fine passage of Holy writ,

' — The Lord, the gracious Lord alone,  
' With kindness most peculiar led his own.

\* The receipt is as follows :

' Dec. 5, 1723.

' Then received from Benjamin Everard, Esq; the above  
' writings of the late Doctor Parnell, in four stitched volumes  
' of manuscript ; which I promise to restore to him on demand,

' Jonathan Swift.'

' He



' He brought, he bore him, on the wings of grace,  
 ' To taste the plenties of the ground's increase;  
 ' Sweet dropping honey from the rocky soil,  
 ' From flinty rocks the smoothly flowing oil,  
 ' The gilded butter from the stately kine,  
 ' The milk with which the dugs of sheep decline,  
 ' The marrow fatness of the tender lambs,  
 ' The bulky breed of Basan's goats and rams,  
 ' The finest flow'ry-wheat that crowns the plain,  
 ' Distends its husk, and loads the blade with grain,  
 ' And still he drank from ripe delicious heaps  
 ' Of clusters press'd, the purest blood of grapes.  
 ' But thou art wanton fat, and kickest now,  
 ' Oh, well directed! Oh, Jeshurun, thou,  
 ' Thou soon wer't fat, thy sides were thickly grown,  
 ' Thy fatness deeply cover'd every bone,  
 ' Then wanton fulness vain oblivion brought,  
 ' And God that made and sav'd thee was forgot.'

Those who remember the noble description of the fall of *Siferab*, as related in *Scripture*, will not perhaps think it greatly improved by our *Pseudo-Parnell* in the following lines:

' The captain faint with fore fatigue of flight  
 ' Implor'd for water to support his might,  
 ' And milk she pour'd him, while he water sought,  
 ' And in her lordly dish her butter brought.  
 ' With courage well deserving to prevail,  
 ' One hand the hammer held, and one the nail;  
 ' And him reclin'd to sleep, she boldly slew,  
 ' She smote, she pierc'd, she struck the temples through.  
 ' Before her feet reluctant on the clay,  
 ' He bow'd, he fell, he bow'd, he fell, he lay,  
 ' He bow'd, he fell, he dy'd. By such degrees  
 ' As thrice she struck, each stroke's effect she sees.  
 ' His mother gaz'd with long-expecting eyes;  
 ' And grown impatient, through the lattice cries,  
 ' Why moves the chariot of my son so slow?  
 ' Or what affairs retard his coming so?  
 ' Her ladies answer'd—but she wou'd not stay,  
 ' (For pride had taught what flatt'ry meant to say)  
 ' They've sped, she says, and now the prey they share,  
 ' For each a damsel, or a lovely pair,  
 ' For Sifra's part a robe of gallant grace,  
 ' Where diverse colours rich embroid'ry trace,  
 ' Meet for the necks of those who in the spoil  
 ' When triumph offers its reward for toil.'

The



The greatest part of this collection consists of what modern authors, by a strange perversion of language, are pleased to stile *Divine* Poems, with as good reason as a lover calls his mistress the *Divine* Celia, or the *Divine* Chloe, though he knows her to be a mere mortal, and perhaps as contemptible a one as the author of the Posthumous Works before us, which seems rather to resemble the wild and nonsensical hymns of a mad *Moravian*, than the remains of so excellent a writer as the late Dr. Parnell.

To make the counterfeit still more visible, and the burlesque more glaring, our editor has added to his *Divine* Poems some jocular and facetious rhimes; and, among others, after his hymn on the Wounds of Christ, presented us with *Bacchus*, or, the Drunken *Metamorphosis*, where,

' All around, and all around,  
' They sit to riot on the ground.  
' A vessel stands amidst the ring,  
' And there they laugh, and there they sing;  
' Or rise a jolly, jolly band,  
' And dance about it hand in hand;  
' Dance about and shout amain,  
' Then sit to laugh, and sing again:  
' Thus they drink and thus they play  
' The sun and all their wits away.'

The last thought is near upon a level with that excellent sentiment in the farce of the *Devil to pay*:

" As we've tarry'd all day for to drink down the sun,  
" So we'll tarry, and drink down the moon."

*Drinking down* the sun is indeed much better than *playing it away*. And if the editor had not *play'd away his own wits*, as well as those of the *Bacchanals*, he would never have ventur'd to pass off such base metal to the public for true sterling.

ART. V. *Discourses on several Subjects and Occasions.* By John Dalton, D. D. Prebendary of Worcester, and Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill. London. 8vo. Rivington.

THIS little volume contains only *eight* sermons, which, both with regard to the instruction they convey, and the agreeable stile in which they are written, greatly excel any thing of this kind which hath been published for some time past. The four first discourses are addressed to the younger students in the two universities, as treating on the excellency of the education there afforded them, and published with a design to guard them against the fashionable prevalence of irreligion, profane-

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ness,

ness, and impiety : to them, therefore, and their serious considerations, the author has recommended his advice, which is, in our opinion, as good as any that was ever given them. We will present our readers with a short specimen of it.

Our author having occasion to consider the nature, temper, and character of youth, at that point of time, when a submission to the discipline of wisdom is required of it, makes these sensible and instructive observations.

‘ The whole of human life (says he) has often been aptly compared to a journey through an unknown country. Now unknown as it is, and dangerous as it must be allowed by all, who consider themselves as accountable for every deviation from the right path ; yet the youthful traveller enters upon it without fear, full of vain curiosity and sanguine expectation. Warm, confident, and elate with hope, (because unacquainted as yet with disappointments) he proceeds through numerous uncertainties, fully secure of his future success. His reason being yet weak and uncultivated by any voluntary application of it, from which the volatility of his passions renders him averse, as study and labour become more necessary for him, he daily grows more and more impatient of the hated necessity of them ; ever wishing to enjoy, as the glorious privilege of manhood, an unbounded liberty.

‘ The golden mean, in which wisdom and experience have placed both virtue and happiness, appears to him to be the last sad refuge of insensibility and stupidity. As his organs of sense are quick, lively, and vigorous, and as sensual objects croud upon them to solicit his enjoyment, while modest rational pleasures are less importuning and ostentatious, the latter are overlooked and despised, and the former alone engross his attention.—Hence the intellectual world appears to him like an uncomfortable barren desert, while the sensual blooms to his imagination like a gay garden, tempting with various and delicious fruits ; nor is he then at leisure to suspect, (what is really the case) that the most poisonous among them are often the most alluring. Through all these therefore, as curiosity bids him, so youthful confidence emboldens him, to range secure, though undirected in his choice.—If unrestrained, as his desires are always violent and extreme, and thence inconstant, he proceeds from excess to excess, from surfeit to surfeit, ever credulous in hoping on, that the next new trial will discover to him that full satisfaction, for the want of which he is grown weary, though without having time to repent, of the former.

‘ As he has yet had no experience of the difficulty of acquiring, and the easiness of losing the goods of fortune, interest

'terest and utility possess no share of his attention, but as they  
 'are occasionally necessary to his present pleasures.—Hence  
 'indeed it must be owned, that if his love of sensual pleasure  
 'can be moderated, there is more room in the youthful mind  
 'for the magnanimous pursuit of virtue and honour : for the  
 'mind is then unstained by the sordid habits of the world, and  
 'greatly capable of the generous impulse of honour, and the  
 'useful check of shame, and strongly prompted by the love of  
 'praise and a noble emulation to excel others, in whatever is  
 'deemed honourable and glorious.—Yet here, even in this  
 'generous passion, lies no small danger, arising from his in-  
 'ability to distinguish the true objects of esteem : in the choice  
 'of which, as he is apt to be determined, rather by the sud-  
 'den suggestions of a lively imagination, than the cooler and  
 'slower discriminations of reason, or to be drawn by the stream  
 'of fashion and popular opinion, rather than be steered by the  
 'judgment of the wiser few, he is often most often fatally mistaken  
 'in their real value. Hence, by some bold presumptuous lea-  
 'der, (who from vain-glory or interest intrudes into the office)  
 'assisted by the magic power of ridicule, which gratifies the na-  
 'tural propensity of a youthful imagination to indiscriminate  
 'mirth, this his noble passion for honour and praise is often  
 'perverted to the basest purposes ; till at last we find him be-  
 'come ashamed of every thing that is praise-worthy, and glo-  
 'rying in every thing that deserves reproach.—The friends  
 'to his virtues are then in danger of becoming, if they inform  
 'him of his mistake, his most hated enemies, and the favourers  
 'and flatterers of his vices, by which he most affects to assert  
 'his manly freedom, his best-beloved friends ; then the most  
 'grave, decent, and useful authority grows an empty forma-  
 'lity or ridiculous pageantry ; the gracious discipline of wisdom,  
 'a cruel persecution ; and the just and due subordinations of  
 'well-regulated societies are then sagaciously discovered to be  
 'the tyrannous devices of knaves and hypocrites, invented sel-  
 'fishly for their own interest and convenience, or enviously im-  
 'posed upon men of wit, honour, and spirit, to deprive them  
 'of those politer pleasures, to which, they suppose, they are  
 'by nature entitled, and by which they claim a right to be dis-  
 'tinguished from the vulgar.'

He then considers the tendency of *academical* discipline, to pro-  
 vide for the wants and necessities of this period of life, which  
 he does in a most elegant and masterly manner, laying down  
 some excellent rules for the conduct and direction of youth.  
 What he says of the knowledge of the world is excellent : we  
 cannot refuse our readers the conclusion of it.



‘ I shall only add (says Dr. Dalton) that he alone can be  
 ‘ said to know the world truly, who has learnt to know and  
 ‘ revere its Maker and Governor, and to co-operate with his  
 ‘ infinite love and goodness towards men; he alone knows it,  
 ‘ who has seen through it; through all its empty as well as  
 ‘ wicked pomps and vanities; through all its flattering pro-  
 ‘ mises and imperfect performances; he alone, who in all his  
 ‘ dealings with it is constantly determined, upon the most ex-  
 ‘ tensive survey of it, both from his own conviction and expe-  
 ‘ rience, and the infallible assurance of the sacred oracles of  
 ‘ wisdom, never, for its highest temptation, no, though *he*  
 ‘ *should gain the whole world, to run the risque of losing his own*  
 ‘ *soul*. Mat. xvi. 26. Such a one will be able to look upon the  
 ‘ highest skill of its mistaken admirers and confident professors,  
 ‘ as only so many wretched arts (as they themselves inadver-  
 ‘ tently confess) of murdering time, and thence (which they  
 ‘ so often fatally forget!) of losing eternity.’

The fifth sermon treats on the religious use of sickness,  
 preached at *Bath*, for the charity hospital there. The sixth is  
 likewise a charity sermon for the *Middlesex hospital*; in both these  
 Dr. Dalton has enforced the duty of beneficence, by the strongest  
 and most pathetic arguments. The doctor's seventh discourse  
 was preached at *St. James's*; he has accordingly chose a text  
 extremely well adapted to the meridian of that place, *Lovers of*  
*pleasure more than lovers of God*; and shewn that there is a *plea-*  
*sure* which the great little think of, the pleasure of religion and  
 the duties of it. ‘ It must be remembered, says he, (at the con-  
 ‘ clusion of this excellent sermon) that God invites us to a feast,  
 ‘ and not to a riot. Therefore our respect to him, and to the  
 ‘ laws, which the Lord and Master of the feast had a right to  
 ‘ ordain at his table, forbid us to pollute it with excess, espe-  
 ‘ cially in his presence, and where he himself, though invisibly,  
 ‘ constantly presides.—And as, on the one hand, being well  
 ‘ assured of the sincerity of his kindness and goodness, we need  
 ‘ not sullenly nor suspiciously reject; so on the other, knowing  
 ‘ his great purity and universal justice, we ought not wantonly  
 ‘ or selfishly to waste and abuse the good things, which he has  
 ‘ provided for all his guests, not overlooking even the poorest  
 ‘ and meanest servants of his household.—We should also be  
 ‘ far from thinking him capable of insisting upon our intem-  
 ‘ perate indulgence in them to our own detriment and the loss  
 ‘ of others, as the proper test either of our gratitude to him,  
 ‘ or his hospitality to us: suppositions, unfit to be entertained  
 ‘ of a truly bountiful and hospitable man; but much more un-  
 ‘ worthy of the Author and Giver of every good and perfect gift.’

The



The eighth and last discourse on *the blessings of peace* among ourselves, was delivered at the author's parish church at *St. Mary-Hill*, and is one of the best sermons which we remember to have read on this important subject. The several parts of it are so beautifully connected with, and dependent on each other, that it would be doing an injury to the judicious author to select any particular passage; we shall refer our readers, therefore, to the volume itself, which has indeed but one fault, and that of a pretty extraordinary nature, viz. that it is too *short*; the removal of which singular imperfection we heartily recommend to Dr. Dalton's future consideration.

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ART VI. *The Parliamentary or Constitutional History of England; Being a faithful account of all the most remarkable transactions in parliament, from the earliest times to the restoration of King Charles II. Collected from the records, the journals of both houses, original manuscripts, scarce speeches and tracts; all compared with the several contemporary writers, and connected, throughout, with the history of the times. By several hands. Vol. XIX and XX. From the commencement of the commonwealth in February 1648, to the marching of the Scots army into England, under the command of King Charles the second, in August 1651.*

THIS work, we apprehend, cannot be so properly stiled an history, as a collection and abridgement of records, from which the compilers can claim little other merit than that of diligence and impartiality. These are qualities which they seem to possess in a very laudable degree; therefore this their labour will always be considered as a valuable acquisition to the public.

Prefixed to the 19th volume is an advertisement, in which we are given to understand, that the compilers intend to bring down the work to the dissolution of that convention by which Charles II. was restored. We should think the revolution would be a much more proper termination. These volumes exhibit an accurate view of the interregnum between the death of Charles I. to the year 1656, in which Cromwell dissolv'd his second parliament: a period when vulgar insolence, oppression, and brutality, triumphed over every thing that was noble, liberal and humane; trampled upon the laws, and even extinguished the constitution of England, wallowed in blood and exulted in barbarity. Here we see how an inconsiderable number of despicable fellows, the rag or remnant of a schism in the house of commons; fellows, for the most part, void of interest, principle,

ciple, and capacity, were enabled to tyrannize over the lives and fortunes of their betters, and even to bring their sovereign to the block. We see how one man of low birth, desperate circumstances, and contemptible talents, by practising upon the fanaticism of the age, by canting, praying, hypocrisy, perfidy and deceit, raised himself to the highest pinnacle of despotic dominion over all his fellows. It were an insult on human nature to suppose, that there were not many individuals at that time in England, as brave as Oliver Cromwell, and better qualified to shine in the sphere of glory and fair ambition; but some of these had no opportunity of exerting themselves; and others disdained to practise those mean and infamous arts, by which Cromwell rose to the supreme authority. In our opinion, the generality of historians have done too much honour to the parts of this usurper, whose character seems to have been distinguished by nothing extraordinary, except superior cunning and presumption.

One cannot, without indignation, behold such a set of barbarous and ignorant Goths, putting up to sale the noble collection of pictures, statues and busts, which Charles I. had collected with equal taste and industry: a collection that sold for about 50,000 l. Part of this spoil was purchased by Cardinal Mazarin, the humble sycophant of Cromwell's greatness: the rest was bought up by Cardenus, the Spanish ambassador, Christina queen of Sweden, and the archduke Leopold, governor of the Netherlands. Nothing more plainly proves the worthless characters of princes in general, than this eagerness with which the principal powers of Europe sought to appropriate to themselves the plunder of an unfortunate monarch, murdered by an handful of his own subjects. They not only made themselves parties in the robbery, but tacitly approved of the regicide, by courting alliance with the usurpers.

The cruelties practised by Cromwell in Ireland and elsewhere, bespeak him a ruffian without bowels or humanity; and his sanctifying these cruelties with the cloak of religion, was a pretence equally impious and absurd. His letters, declarations and speeches, interlarded with texts of scripture and ejaculations, are tedious, insipid, languid, confused, and almost unintelligible: the papers published by the Rump, are written in the same strain; and indeed their words form a very striking contrast with their conduct, which was always vigorous and alert. When Oliver entered Scotland at the head of an army, against those who espoused the cause of Charles II. he published a declaration, addressed to *all that are saints, and partakers of the faith of God's elect in Scotland*. Notwithstanding this canting performance, which was excellently adapted to the fanatics of that

that nation, the Scots raised an army and gave him battle at Dunbar, where they were routed with great slaughter; and it is pity that the swords of such false hypocritical sectaries had not always been employed against each other. Those two armies were well matched in fraud and fanaticism; but, the English were the better soldiers, and triumphed accordingly.

The following account of the celebrated Lord Broghill, will be acceptable to those who were ignorant of that nobleman's motives for entering into the service of the Rump.

‘ This being our first mention of Lord Broghill, (afterwards Earl of Orrery) who makes so great a figure in the succeeding part of this history, the occasion of his quitting the royal cause, and espousing that of the new commonwealth, will fall very properly in this place; and the rather, as nothing can more strongly evidence Cromwell's deep penetration into mankind, nor shew plainer the wisdom and niceness with which he made choice of his friends. The account of this extraordinary affair is thus drawn up by Mr. Morrice, Lord Broghill's chaplain, to whom the particulars were communicated by his lordship himself, and whose veracity is not to be questioned.

“ After the horrid murder was committed upon the king's sacred person, Lord Broghill, giving up all Ireland for lost, retired into England, to a small estate left him by his father, at Marston in Somersetshire, where he lived till 1649.

“ During this retirement, his lordship lamenting the sad condition of the royal family, and the ruin of those kingdoms, and reflecting upon the cruelties and inhumanities of the Irish rebels, he at last thought it too much below his spirit and duty to sit still, and see all rights thus trampled under foot by usurpers. He resolved therefore to attempt something for the public as well as private good; and accordingly, under pretence of going to the Spa waters in Germany, he intended to cross the seas, and apply himself to King Charles II. for a commission to raise what forces he could, to restore his majesty in Ireland, and to recover his own estate, then given for lost. But in order to the accomplishing this resolution he sent to the Earl of Warwick, who had an interest in the prevailing party, desiring him to procure a licence for him to pass beyond the seas to the Spa; not acquainting that Lord with the main intent of his going, and only communicating his design to some friends, whom he imagined to be loyal and secret. He had already made up a considerable sum of money, and was now arrived at London, in order to prosecute



“ his voyage ; when a gentleman belonging to Cromwell, who  
 “ was then made general in Sir Thomas Fairfax’s place, came  
 “ to his lodgings to let him know that the general, his master,  
 “ intended to wait upon him, if he knew but the hour when he  
 “ would be at leisure to receive him. My lord was very much  
 “ surprized at this passage, because he never had any acquaint-  
 “ tance with Cromwell, nor ever exchanged one word with him.  
 “ Wherefore he told the gentleman, he presumed he was mis-  
 “ taken, and that he was not the person to whom the general  
 “ had sent him with that message. The gentleman made an-  
 “ swer, he was sent to the Lord Broghill ; and therefore, if  
 “ he was that lord, he was sent to him. My lord, finding there  
 “ was no mistake in the gentleman, owned that he was the Lord  
 “ Broghill ; but desired the gentleman to present his humble  
 “ service to the general, and to let him know that he would  
 “ not give him the trouble to come to him ; but that he would  
 “ wait on the general, if he knew where he was, and when he  
 “ might ; and to that end would immediately make himself  
 “ ready for it. The gentleman told my lord he would acquaint  
 “ his excellency with it, and so took his leave.

“ His lordship, in the mean time, was mightily concerned  
 “ what Cromwell’s business with him should be. While he  
 “ was thus musing, Cromwell came to him ; and, after mutual  
 “ salutations, told him, he had a great kindness and respect for  
 “ his lordship, and therefore he was come to acquaint him with  
 “ something that did very nearly concern him, and to give him  
 “ his advice in the matter. He then proceeded to let him  
 “ know, that the council of state was acquainted with his de-  
 “ signs, that he was come to town in order to his passing be-  
 “ yond sea ; but, instead of going to the Spa, for his gout,  
 “ was going to the king for a commission to raise men, and op-  
 “ pose their government in Ireland ; and that, under this pre-  
 “ tence, the Earl of Warwick had got him a licence from the  
 “ state to pass the seas.

“ As Cromwell was going on, my lord interrupted him, and  
 “ told him, he presumed his excellency was mistaken in the  
 “ matter, for he was not capable of doing any thing that way ;  
 “ and therefore desired him to believe no such thing. But  
 “ Cromwell told him, he had good proof for what he said, and  
 “ could shew copies of his letters to that purpose, and therefore  
 “ desired him not to deceive himself ; for the council had or-  
 “ dered him to be clapt in the Tower upon his arrival in town ;  
 “ which had been executed accordingly, had not he himself in-  
 “ terposed in his behalf, and procured some time to confer with  
 “ him, to see whether he might not be drawn off from his de-  
 “ sign.

“ Upon this, and other circumstances, my lord, finding that  
“ he was discovered, begged Cromwell’s pardon, and thanked  
“ him for his kindness, and desired him to advise him what to  
“ do. Cromwell told him, that neither he, nor the council,  
“ were strangers to his actions in the Irish war ; and therefore  
“ the subduing of the Irish rebels being now left to his care, he  
“ had obtained leave from the council to make an offer to Lord  
“ Broghill, that if he would serve in the wars against the Irish,  
“ he should have a general officer’s command, and should have  
“ no oaths nor engagements laid upon him, nor should be  
“ obliged to fight against any but the Irish. My lord did not a  
“ little wonder at this large offer, and would have excused him-  
“ self, desiring some time to consider of it : but Cromwell told  
“ him, he must resolve presently, for there was no time to de-  
“ liberate, because the council, from whom he came, were re-  
“ solved to send his lordship to the Tower, as soon as ever Crom-  
“ well should return to them, in case this offer was not readily  
“ accepted.

“ Lord Broghill seeing no subterfuges could any longer be  
“ made use of, and finding his liberty and life were in danger,  
“ whereby he might be rendered utterly incapable of serving  
“ his majesty ; and not knowing but, by accepting this offer,  
“ he might afterwards be serviceable to the royal party, he re-  
“ solved to accept of it upon the conditions which Cromwell  
“ had mentioned ; promising, upon his word and honour, he  
“ would faithfully assist Cromwell in subduing the Irish rebel-  
“ lion. Whereupon Cromwell assured him he should have those  
“ conditions perform’d to a tittle ; and desired him to hasten  
“ down to Bristol, where men should be sent to him, and ships  
“ wait for his transportation, and he himself would follow him  
“ with another army ; all which was accordingly done.”

“ Mr. Morrice adds, “ That he has heard Lord Broghill often  
“ declare, that he looked upon this as a singular providence to  
“ him ; because hereby he was preserved in a capacity to save  
“ many men’s lives, and do many services for the king and  
“ royal party, which he had not otherwise been able to do ;”  
“ many instances of which he gives in the course of this noble  
“ man’s life.”

In the next volume there is a curious dialogue between Crom-  
well and Whitlocke, by which it appears that Oliver had a  
strange hankering after the crown.

“ *Cromwell.* My Lord Whitlocke, I know your faithfulness  
“ and engagement in the same good cause with myself and the  
“ rest of our friends, and I know your ability in judgment, and  
“ your particular friendship and affection for me ; indeed I am  
“ sufficiently satisfied in these things, and therefore I desire to  
“ advise

‘ advise with you in the main and most important affairs relating  
 ‘ to our present condition.

‘ *Whitlocke.* Your excellency hath known me long, and I  
 ‘ think will say that you never knew any unfaithfulness or breach  
 ‘ of trust by me ; and for my particular affection to your per-  
 ‘ son, your favours to me, and your public services, have de-  
 ‘ served more than I can manifest ; only there is, with your fa-  
 ‘ vour, a mistake in this one thing, touching my weak judg-  
 ‘ ment, which is incapable to do any considerable service for  
 ‘ yourself or this commonwealth ; yet, to the utmost of my  
 ‘ power, I shall be ready to serve you, and that with all dili-  
 ‘ gence and faithfulness.

‘ *Cromwell.* I have cause to be, and am, without the least  
 ‘ scruple of your faithfulness, and I know your kindness to me  
 ‘ your old friend, and your abilities to serve the commonwealth,  
 ‘ and there are enough besides me that can testify it : and I be-  
 ‘ lieve our engagements for this commonwealth have been, and  
 ‘ are, as deep as most men’s ; and there never was more need  
 ‘ of advice, and solid hearty counsel, than the present state of  
 ‘ our affairs doth require.

‘ *Whitlocke.* I suppose no man will mention his particular en-  
 ‘ gagement in this cause, at the same time when your excellency’s  
 ‘ engagement is remembered ; yet to my capacity, and in my  
 ‘ station, few men have engaged further than I have done ; and  
 ‘ that (besides the goodness of your own nature and personal  
 ‘ knowledge of me) will keep you from any jealousy of my  
 ‘ faithfulness.

‘ *Cromwell.* I wish there were no more ground of suspicion  
 ‘ of others, than of you. I can trust you with my life, and the  
 ‘ most secret matters relating to our business ; and to that end  
 ‘ I have now desired a little private discourse with you ; and  
 ‘ really, my lord, there is very great cause for us to consider  
 ‘ the dangerous condition we are all in, and how to make  
 ‘ good our station, to improve the mercies and successes which  
 ‘ God hath given us ; and not to be fooled out of them again,  
 ‘ nor to be broken in pieces, by our particular jarrings and  
 ‘ animosities one against another : but to unite our counsels,  
 ‘ and hands and hearts, to make good what we have so dearly  
 ‘ bought, with so much hazard, blood, and treasure ; and that,  
 ‘ the Lord having given us an intire conquest over our enemies,  
 ‘ we should not now hazard all again by our private janglings,  
 ‘ and bring those mischiefs upon ourselves, which our enemies  
 ‘ could never do.

‘ *Whitlocke.* My lord, I look upon our present danger as  
 ‘ greater than ever it was in the field, and (as your excellency  
 ‘ truly observes) our proneness to destroy ourselves, when our  
 ‘ enemies



‘ enemies could not do it. It is no strange thing for a gallant  
‘ army, as yours is, after full conquest of their enemies, to grow  
‘ into factions and ambitious designs; and it is a wonder to  
‘ me that they are not in high mutinies, their spirits being ac-  
‘ tive, and few thinking their services to be duly rewarded, and  
‘ the emulation of the officers breaking out daily more and  
‘ more, in this time of their vacancy from their employment;  
‘ besides, the private soldiers, it may be feared, will, in this  
‘ time of their idleness, grow into disorder; and it is your ex-  
‘ cellent conduct which, under God, hath kept them so long in  
‘ discipline, and free from mutinies.

‘ *Cromwell.* I have used, and shall use, the utmost of my  
‘ poor endeavours to keep them all in order and obedience.

‘ *Whitlocke.* Your excellency hath done it hitherto even to ad-  
‘ miration.

‘ *Cromwell.* Truly God hath blessed me in it exceedingly, and  
‘ I hope will do so still. Your lordship hath observed most  
‘ truly the inclinations of the officers of the army to particular  
‘ factions, and to murmurings that they are not rewarded ac-  
‘ cording to their deserts; that others, who have adventured  
‘ least, have gained most; and they have neither profit, nor  
‘ preferment, nor place in government, which others hold, who  
‘ have undergone no hardships nor hazards for the common-  
‘ wealth; and herein they have too much of truth, yet their  
‘ insolency is very great, and their influence upon the private  
‘ soldiers works them to the like discontents and murmurings.

‘ Then as for the members of parliament, the army begins  
‘ to have a strange distaste against them, and I wish there were  
‘ not too much cause for it; and really their pride and ambi-  
‘ tion, and self-seeking, ingrossing all places of honour and  
‘ profit to themselves and their friends, and their daily breaking  
‘ forth into new and violent parties and factions; their delays  
‘ of business, and designs to perpetuate themselves, and to con-  
‘ tinue the power in their own hands; their meddling in pri-  
‘ vate matters between party and party, contrary to the insti-  
‘ tution of parliaments, and their injustice and partiality in  
‘ those matters, and the scandalous lives of some of the chief  
‘ of them; these things, my lord, do give too much ground for  
‘ people to open their mouths against them, and to dislike  
‘ them. Nor can they be kept within the bounds of justice,  
‘ law, or reason; they themselves being the supreme power of  
‘ the nation, liable to no account to any, nor to be controuled  
‘ or regulated by any other power, there being none superior,  
‘ or co-ordinate with them: so that, unless there be some au-  
‘ thority and power so full and so high as to restrain and keep  
‘ things in better order, and that may be a check to these exor-

‘ bitancies, it will be impossible, in human reason, to prevent  
‘ our ruin.

‘ *Whitlocke.* I confess the danger we are in by these extrava-  
‘ gances and inordinate powers is more than I doubt is gene-  
‘ rally apprehended ; yet as to that part of it which concerns  
‘ the soldiery, your excellency’s power and commission is suffi-  
‘ cient already to restrain and keep them in their due obe-  
‘ dience ; and, blessed be God, you have done it hitherto, and  
‘ I doubt not but, by your wisdom, you will be able still to  
‘ do it.

‘ As to the members of parliament, I confess the greatest  
‘ difficulty lies there ; your commission being from them, and  
‘ they being acknowledged the supreme power of the nation,  
‘ subject to no controuls, nor allowing any appeal from them :  
‘ yet I am sure your excellency will not look upon them as ge-  
‘ nerally depraved ; too many of them are much to blame in  
‘ those things you have mentioned, and many unfit things have  
‘ passed among them ; but I hope well of the major part of  
‘ them, when great matters come to a decision.

‘ *Cromwell.* My lord, there is little hopes of a good settle-  
‘ ment to be made by them, really there is not ; but a great  
‘ deal of fear, that they will destroy again what the Lord hath  
‘ done graciously for them and us ; we all forget God, and God  
‘ will forget us, and give us up to confusion ; and these men  
‘ will help it on, if they be suffered to proceed in their ways :  
‘ some course must be thought on to curb and restrain them,  
‘ or we shall be ruined by them.

‘ *Whitlocke.* We ourselves have acknowledged them the su-  
‘ preme power, and taken our commissions and authority in  
‘ the highest concernments from them ; and how to restrain  
‘ and curb them after this, it will be hard to find out a way  
‘ for it.

‘ *Cromwell.* What if a man should take upon him to be  
‘ king ?

‘ *Whitlocke.* I think that remedy would be worse than the  
‘ disease.

‘ *Cromwell.* Why do you think so ?

‘ *Whitlocke.* As to your own person the title of king would  
‘ be of no advantage, because you have the full kingly power  
‘ in you already, concerning the militia, as you are general.  
‘ As to the nomination of civil officers, those whom you think  
‘ fittest are seldom refused ; and altho’ you have no negative  
‘ vote in the passing of laws, yet what you dislike will not  
‘ easily be carried : and the taxes are already settled, and in  
‘ your power to dispose the money raised. And as to foreign  
‘ affairs, though the ceremonial application be made to the  
‘ par-

‘ parliament, yet the expectation of good or bad success in it  
‘ is from your excellency ; and particular solicitations of fo-  
‘ reign ministers are made to you only : so that I apprehend,  
‘ indeed, less envy and danger, and pomp, but not less power,  
‘ and real opportunities of doing good in your being general,  
‘ than would be if you had assumed the title of king.

‘ *Cromwell.* I have heard some of your profession observe,  
‘ That he who is actually king, whether by election or by def-  
‘ cent, yet being once king, all acts done by him as king are  
‘ as lawful and justifiable as by any king who hath the crown by  
‘ inheritance from his forefathers : and that by an act of par-  
‘ liament in Henry the seventh’s time, it is safer for those who  
‘ act under a king, be his title what it will, than for those who  
‘ act under any other power. And surely the power of a king  
‘ is so great and high, and so universally understood and re-  
‘ verenced by the people of this nation, that the title of it  
‘ might not only indemnify, in a great measure, those that act  
‘ under it, but likewise be of great use and advantage in such  
‘ times as these, to curb the insolences of those whom the pre-  
‘ sent powers cannot controul, or at least are the persons them-  
‘ selves who are thus insolent.

‘ *Whitlocke.* I agree in the general what you are pleased to  
‘ observe as to this title of king ; but whether for your excel-  
‘ lency to take this title upon you, as things now are, will be  
‘ for the good and advantage either of yourself and friends,  
‘ or of the commonwealth, I do very much doubt ; notwith-  
‘ standing that act of parliament, 11 Hen. VII. which will be  
‘ little regarded, or observed to us by our enemies, if they  
‘ should come to get the upper hand of us.

‘ *Cromwell.* What do you apprehend would be the danger of  
‘ taking this title ?

‘ *Whitlocke.* The danger, I think, would be this : one of the  
‘ main points of controversy betwixt us and our adversaries is,  
‘ whether the government of this nation shall be established  
‘ in monarchy, or in a free state or commonwealth ; and most  
‘ of our friends have engaged with us upon the hopes of having  
‘ the government settled in a free state, and to effect that have  
‘ undergone all their hazards and difficulties, they being per-  
‘ suaded, though I think much mistaken, that under the go-  
‘ vernment of a commonwealth they shall enjoy more liberty  
‘ and right, both as to their spiritual and civil concerns,  
‘ than they shall under monarchy ; the pressures and dislike  
‘ whereof are so fresh in their memories and sufferings.

‘ Now if your excellency should take upon you the title of  
‘ king, this state of your cause will be thereby wholly deter-  
‘ mined, and monarchy established in your person ; and the  
‘ question



‘ question will be no more whether our government shall be by  
 ‘ a monarch, or by a free state, but whether Cromwell or Stuart  
 ‘ shall be our king and monarch.

‘ And that question, wherein before so great parties of the  
 ‘ nation were engaged, and which was universal, will by this  
 ‘ means become, in effect, a private controversy only. Before  
 ‘ it was national, What kind of government we should have,  
 ‘ now it will become particular, Who shall be our governor,  
 ‘ whether of the family of the Stuarts, or of the family of the  
 ‘ Cromwells ?

‘ Thus the state of our controversy being totally changed, all  
 ‘ those who were for a commonwealth (and they are a very  
 ‘ great and considerable party) having their hopes therein frus-  
 ‘ trated, will desert you : your hands will be weakened, your  
 ‘ interest straitened, and your cause in apparent danger to be  
 ‘ ruined.

‘ *Cromwell.* I confess you speak reason in this ; but what  
 ‘ other thing can you propound that may obviate the present  
 ‘ dangers and difficulties wherein we are all engaged ?

‘ *Whitlocke.* It will be the greatest difficulty to find out such  
 ‘ an expedient. I have had many things in my private thoughts  
 ‘ upon this business, some of which perhaps are not fit, or safe,  
 ‘ for me to communicate.

‘ *Cromwell.* I pray, my lord, what are they ? You may trust  
 ‘ me with them ; there shall no prejudice come to you by any  
 ‘ private discourse betwixt us ; I shall never betray my friend ;  
 ‘ you may be as free with me as with your own heart, and shall  
 ‘ never suffer by it.

‘ *Whitlocke.* I make no scruple to put my life and fortune  
 ‘ into your excellency’s hand ; and so I shall, if I impart these  
 ‘ fancies to you, which are weak, and perhaps may prove of-  
 ‘ fensive to your excellency ; therefore my best way will be to  
 ‘ smother them.

‘ *Cromwell.* Nay, I prithee, my Lord Whitlocke, let me  
 ‘ know them ; be they what they will they cannot be offensive  
 ‘ to me, but I shall take it kindly from you : therefore, I pray,  
 ‘ do not conceal those thoughts of yours from your faithful  
 ‘ friend.

‘ *Whitlocke.* Your excellency honours me with a title far above  
 ‘ me ; and since you are pleased to command it, I shall discover  
 ‘ to you my thoughts herein ; and humbly desire you not to  
 ‘ take in ill part what I shall say to you.

‘ *Cromwell.* Indeed I shall not ; but I shall take it, as I said,  
 ‘ very kindly from you.

‘ *Whitlocke.* Give me leave then, first, to consider your excel-  
 ‘ lency’s condition. You are environed with secret enemies :  
 ‘ upon

‘ upon your subduing of the public enemy, the officers of  
‘ your army account themselves all victors, and to have had an  
‘ equal share in the conquest with you.

‘ The success which God hath given us hath not a little elated  
‘ their minds; and many of them are busy and of turbulent  
‘ spirits, and are not without their designs how they may dis-  
‘ mount your excellency, and some of themselves get up into  
‘ the saddle; how they may bring you down, and set up them-  
‘ selves.

‘ They want not counsel and encouragement herein; it may  
‘ be from some members of the parliament, who may be jealous  
‘ of your power and greatness, lest you should grow too high  
‘ for them, and in time over master them; and they will plot  
‘ to bring you down first, or to clip your wings.

‘ *Cromwell.* I thank you that you so fully consider my condi-  
‘ tion; it is a testimony of your love to me, and care of me,  
‘ and you have rightly considered it: and I may say without  
‘ vanity, that in my condition yours is involved and all our  
‘ friends; and those that plot my ruin will hardly bear your  
‘ continuance in any condition worthy of you. Besides this,  
‘ the cause itself may possibly receive some disadvantage by the  
‘ strugglings and contentions among ourselves. But what,  
‘ Sir, are your thoughts for prevention of those mischiefs that  
‘ hang over our heads?

‘ *Whitlocke.* Pardon me, Sir, in the next place, a little to  
‘ consider the condition of the king of Scots.

‘ This prince being now by your valour, and the success  
‘ which God hath given to the parliament, and to the army  
‘ under your command, reduced to a very low condition;  
‘ both he and all about him cannot but be very inclinable to  
‘ hearken to any terms, whereby their lost hopes may be re-  
‘ vived of his being restored to the crown, and they to their  
‘ fortunes and native country.

‘ By a private treaty with him you may secure yourself, and  
‘ your friends and their fortunes; you may make yourself and  
‘ your posterity as great and permanent, to all human proba-  
‘ bility, as ever any subject was, and provide for your friends.  
‘ You may put such limits to monarchical power, as will secure  
‘ our spiritual and civil liberties, and you may secure the cause  
‘ in which we are all engaged; and this may be effectually  
‘ done, by having the power of the militia continued in your-  
‘ self, and whom you shall agree upon after you.

‘ I propound, therefore, for your excellency to send to the  
‘ king of Scots, and to have a private treaty with him for this  
‘ purpose; and I beseech you to pardon what I have said upon

‘ the

‘ the occasion. It is out of my affection and service to your excellency, and to all honest men ; and I humbly pray you not to have any jealousy thereupon of my approved faithfulness to your excellency and to this commonwealth.

‘ *Cromwell.* I have not, I assure you, the least distrust of your faithfulness and friendship to me, and to the cause of this commonwealth ; and I think you have much reason for what you propound ; but it is a matter of so high importance and difficulty, that it deserves more time of consideration and debate than is at present allowed us : we shall therefore take a further time to discourse of it.”

‘ With this, adds our Memorialist, the general brake off, and went to other company, and so into Whitehall ; seeming, by his countenance and carriage, displeased with what had been said ; yet he never objected it against Mr. Whitlocke in any public meeting afterwards : only his carriage towards him, from that time, was altered, and his advising with him not so frequent and intimate as before ; and it was not long after that he found an occasion, by an honourable employment, to send him out of the way, (as some of his nearest relations, particularly his daughter Claypoole, confessed) that he might be no obstacle or impediment to his ambitious designs.’

But the most remarkable part of the twentieth volume is a kind of journal of the proceedings of Oliver’s first parliament, denominated *Barebone* in derision, from the name of *Praise-god-barebone*, one of the London members. Historians have passed over the transactions of this assembly, with a kind of supercilious contempt : but, the defect is remedied by the compilers of this work, who have had access to some valuable tracts on this subject, which are preserved in the university of Cambridge. From this account of their proceedings it appears, that notwithstanding a ridiculous mixture of enthusiasm, this parliament was by no means so despicable as it has been represented. The famous John Lilburne, who had been banished by the Rump for the liberty with which he censured their conduct, in a pamphlet called *England’s Second Chains*, now returned to England and was imprisoned in Newgate : a petition in his favour being delivered by a number of apprentices, the house committed them to Bridewell.

‘ About the middle of August in 1653, Col. John Lilburne was brought to a second trial at law ; and, after a long hearing, was acquitted by his jury, but ordered back to Newgate. Upon his acquittal medals were struck, with his head on one side, and the names of all his jury on the reverse, which are  
‘ yet



‘ yet to be seen in the cabinets of the curious. But the parliament was so provoked at Lilburne’s acquittal, that they ordered the council of state to examine the whole business of the trial; particularly the judges and jury upon it. Likewise to examine touching any scandalous, seditious, or tumultuous papers which were dispersed, or words spoken, at the said trial, in relation to, and in derogation of, the authority of parliament, and report the same to the house.—It was also referred to the said council to revise the acts declaring what offences shall be treason; and to bring in an act for supply of such things as the other comes short of, in reference to this present parliament and council of state. According to this order, a few days after Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper reported from the council of state, that they had examined into the proceedings on the late trial of Col. Lilburne; and that the clerks attending there had returned several scandalous and seditious speeches, spoken by the said Lilburne at his trial, which they took in short hand, an extract of which was read; whereupon the house committed Lilburne to the Tower; and the lieutenant was enjoined to detain him there, notwithstanding any Habeas Corpus to be granted by the upper bench, or any other court of justice, till the parliament should give farther order.—So great a dread had they of this man’s popularity, who, from his invincible zeal in opposing the arbitrary proceedings of men in power, under every change of government, was at this time distinguished by the name of *Freeborn John*.

Cromwell, notwithstanding his native plainness and rusticity, took great state upon him at certain junctures. The Dutch being tired of the war, resolved to sue for peace. ‘ To that end three ambassadors extraordinary, Beverningck, Nieupoort, and Jongestall, came over in February last. On the 23d of that month Sir Oliver Fleming, master of the ceremonies, went down to meet them at Gravesend, from whence they and their retinue were brought in several of the commonwealth’s barges to the Tower the next day, and conducted to a house provided for them in Westminster. The ambassadors went in the Lord Protector’s coach of state, followed by those of several foreign ministers, and above sixty coaches more. On the 4th of March, 1653, they were admitted, with great solemnity, to an audience of the Lord Protector, in the banquetting-house at Whitehall, which was richly hung with tapistry for that purpose.

‘ To shew how well Cromwell acted the monarch at his giving audience to foreign ministers, we shall exhibit the ceremonial observed on this occasion, as drawn up by the ambassadors

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“ themselves, and transmitted to their masters the States General; the particulars of which run thus :

“ We were fetched in his highness’s coach, accompanied with the Lords Strickland and Jones, with the master of the ceremonies, and brought into the great banquetting-room at Whitehall, where his highness had never given audience before. He stood upon a pedestal raised with three steps high from the floor, being attended by the Lords, President Laurence, Viscount Lisle, Skippon, Mackworth, Pickering, Montague, and Mr. Secretary Thurloe, together with the Lord Claypole, his master of the horse. After three reverences made at the entrance, in the middle, and before the steps, which his highness answered every time with reciprocal reverences, we came up to the steps, and delivered to him, with a compliment of induction, our letters of credence, who received them without opening them; the reason whereof we suppose to be our delivering of the copies and translations thereof in the morning to Mr. Thurloe; so that we presently began our discourse with a compliment of thanks, for his good inclination shewn in the treaty of our common peace; of congratulation in his new dignity; of presentation of all reciprocal and neighbourly offices on the behalf of their High and Mighty Lordships; and wishing all safety and prosperity to his person and government: to which he answered with many serious and significant expressions of reciprocal inclination to their High and Mighty Lordships, and to the business of peace; for which we once more returned him thanks, and presented to his highness twenty of our gentlemen, who went in before us, being followed by twenty more, to have the honour to kiss his hand; but instead thereof his highness advanced near the steps, bow’d to all the gentlemen one by one, and put out his hand to them at a distance, by way of congratulation; and then we were conducted back again after the same manner.”

We shall conclude our quotations, by inserting a satirical description of Cromwell in verse, as we find it in a note in page 446, vol. xx.

- “ A Protector, what’s that? ’Tis a stately thing,
- “ That confesseth itself but the ape of a king :
- “ A tragical Cæsar acted by a clown ;
- “ Or a brass farthing stamp’d with a kind of a crown :
- “ A bubble, that shines ; a loud cry without wool ;
- “ Not Perillus nor Phalaris, but the bull.
- “ The eccho of monarchy till it come ;
- “ The butt-end of a barrel in the shape of a drum :

‘ A

- ' A counterfeit piece that woodenly shews
- ' A golden effigies with a copper nose.
- ' The fantastic shadow of a sovereign head,
- ' The arms royal revers'd, and disloyal instead.
- ' In fine, he is one we may Protector call,
- ' From whom the King of Kings protect us all.'

On the whole, this is a very serviceable performance to all those who are desirous of being acquainted with the constitution of their country, and the revolutions of state, and yet have neither time nor opportunity to peruse original records: in our opinion, however, the work would be much improved by a good index.

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ART. VII. *Military Devotion: or, the Soldier's Duty to God, his prince and his country. Containing fourteen Sermons preached at the camps near Blandford and Dorchester, A. D. 1756 and 1757. With an appendix, containing reasons for a concise form of prayer for our army in camp, as in other protestant countries in time of war, especially Prussia and Sweden, addressed to our pious legislature; with psalms, lessons, and collects selected: also prayers for sick in hospitals, wounded in the field, or for a soldier under sentence of death by a court-martial. By the Rev. Mr. William Agar, chaplain to his majesty's twentieth regiment of foot, and rector of South Kelsey St. Mary's, and Biskerthorpe in Lincolnshire. 8vo. Price 5s. Brindley.*

MR. Agar having been some time a *chaplain* in the army, and withal one of those few who do their own duty, must, we have reason to suppose, be well acquainted with the taste and disposition of his audience, to whom he has therefore endeavoured to accommodate his discourses, informing us at the same time (in a \* letter to the archbishop of Canterbury at the end of them) that 'inaccuracies of stile are adapted to a military genius, which is often better pleased with a pompous simile, a dash of forced rhetoric, or a fabulous allusion to the antients, than the more orthodox proof by texts of scripture.'

To adapt himself to the military genius, he has accordingly larded his sermons with as much choice rhetoric, and classical allusion, as we remember to have met with in any modern divine. He tells us, in his first discourse on the duty of prayer, that nothing can be *better invented* than the soldier's method of

\* See the Appendix, p. v.



performing the solemn duty of prayer, where, *in a circle perpendicular to the ætherial galaxy*, they offer up thanksgivings to God: That, *Socrates* gave thanks to the gods that he was a † philosopher and a barbarian; and that the Romans had such an opinion of the *augustness* (a pretty word) of their city, that to be *banished* from it was counted a *capital* punishment.

Having occasion to mention the gratitude of brutes, he informs us, that ‘by a native sagacity flying, questing, scenting through each thicket, the active canine species toils to divert, and shares in the joy of plundering the vales to amuse the furious or luxurious appetite of their lord and master, by instinct paying homage, and shewing a sense of gratitude to their keeper.’

The following eloquent address to *man*, on his superiority over the *brutes*, may serve as a specimen of our author's peculiar merit in the *descriptive*:

‘See multitudes of smaller creatures crouding to gratify thee; the lark, the nightingale, the linnet for thy music; the lesser insects for thy curiosity.

‘The flowery meads to feed the florist's eye with beauty, exceeding *Solomon* in all his glory; whispering zephyrs softly breezing tender and sweet odours; gurgling streams in natural cascades gently gliding with melodious murmurs, imitable by art; fish sporting with thy treacherous hook, wantonly falling a prey to thy shark-like appetite; the plummy race see hovering over thee with their dusky pinions ready to divert thee with their warbles, or fall a prey to thy falcon-furious passions; with nicer eye and optic instruments behold insects innumerable creeping, swimming, crawling, jumping round thee; sweetening the water, sucking out contagion, or serving for food to those very animals that pamper thee, O man! who with grateful curious eye, from the many-forming polypus to the glittering glow-worm, may read *Nature delineated* in one day.’

But all this is nothing to what we have to boast; for besides these advantages he tells us, that we have ‘physical plants to relieve our pain, opiates to lull us into slumber, emollients to dissolve the stone that grinds us, and emetics to discharge the crudities of gluttony and excess; wide fields and gardens blooming with medicinal virtues, and the four grand elements conspiring to this favourite creature's preservation; plants, minerals, gums, powders, barks, as his great restorative, and salves and balsams to heal his wounds or ulcers.’

† We should be glad to know whence he had this piece of intelligence.

As *swearing* is a vice which even gentlemen-soldiers are not intirely free from, Mr. *Agar* has spent a few pages on that subject, where he tells us, that the heathens were ever solicitous to keep up their deities in proper esteem, always presaging a decline in their commonwealth if these were profaned or taken from them, \* *from the old Roman Palladium to the Delphic Oracle.* ‘ Look (says our orator) into the rhetoric of our adepts in swearing, the chattering of a parrot, or croaking of a frog are less hurtful sounds, and much more rational than the oratory of our delicate gentlemen, though uttered with all the fineness and air a silly fop can value himself upon ; and though vicious habits may have acquired a flash and more genteel deportment than those of more restrained morals, yet if a discourse cannot be set off without this figure and embellishment, the rhetoric ought to be abolished with the author.’

When Mr. *Agar* comes to talk of the evils arising from *desertion*, he is most insupportably rhetorical :

‘ Say, ye careful, indulgent fathers ! whose blooming offspring smile around your tables, could you bear to have your sons massacred, your wives and daughters violated, your goods plundered, your temples polluted by sacrilegious hands, your lands and properties sequestered by force and violence, or your whole in flames about you, yourselves at last butchered by merciless unhuman wretches ? The deserting soldier can do this.

‘ Ye tender mothers ! whose softer nerves still feel your newborn throbbing infant’s pain, would not your hearts bleed within you to see your sucking babe snatched from your bosom, flashed, stabbed, or torn to pieces before your eyes, their cradles reeking with gore-blood, their mangled carcasses thrown into the street to dogs or vultures ; yourselves dragged by the hair in tears, stripped and exposed to cold and nakedness, with uplift hands thanking the wretch who just had killed your child, for sparing after fated lust your own distressed lives, though without house, food, or garment to screen you from the sun’s scorching rays, or rougher northern blasts ? The deserting soldier can do this.

‘ Ye sage grey hairs ! whose life has been spent in ease and plenty, is your venerable age now to be hurried to untimely death after threescore peaceful years, to have ruin, fire and

\* Quere, whether Mr. *Agar* has not in this place contrary, we imagine, to all military rules, placed the cart before the horse, as we humbly apprehend that, all things considered, we might as well read *from the Delphic Oracle to the Roman Palladium.*

' devastation round you, dragged to your fate by bloody inexorable murderers? The deserting soldier can do this.

' Ye mariners also, beholding God's wonders in the deep, with faith and fortitude maintain your post; else shall you see garrisons surrendered, towns in flames, your shatter'd vessel burning, sinking under you, and the wide ocean given a prey to the piratic fury of our treacherous foes, and perfidious emulators.'

If this is not the true *batbos* and *mock-sublime*, we know not where our readers can ever expect to find it.

Mr. Agar's eloquence is not confined to the great and sublime only, but descends sometimes with equal success to the *familiar* and *satirical*. Observe, for instance, with how much elegance he rallies the English politicians.

' There were but seven wise men in all Greece, that admired commonwealth; and if an old Grecian could rise from the dead and hear an Englishman talk politics, he would at first judge that there were scarce seven fools in all Britain; all of us, high or low, rich or poor, ignorant or learned, we all claim that liberty of speech, that nothing escapes censure and contumely; we can set up a magazine of politics, any of us, with so much ease and cunning, that it is pity any English sagacity should be neglected. The peasant and the landlord, the merchant and the sailor, the lawyer and the physician, are all so great adepts that they can regulate grievances, *quiff* over mistakes of generals, nay raise sieges, fight battles, conquer nations, suppress rebellion, that it is a wonder we should ever do amiss.

' While things go swimmingly on to their fancy or humour, rather than their reason or judgment, they can be good and faithful subjects; but if cross accidents fall out, they are like bees, who while you please them with honey will hum about you, but if once they are molested, they will sting you, tho' they lose their own lives by it.'

Mr. Agar's sixth sermon contains 'sober advice to the inferior soldiery to do no violence, and be content with their wages.' Here he tells us, that 'the private centinel who draws his sword, *still as the grave and as his leader bids*, may do it with a true idea of the fear of God, and expose his life for his prince and religion, and thank God he was deemed worthy of so honourable a calling, as to die for the cause of God, his prince, and his faith.'

' What soldier (says Mr. Agar) in this nation endures affliction? (*a droll question*) are we not *pamper'd with cloaths* (an excellent phrase) lodging, and necessaries, more than we deserve, for our good deeds, and more than we could have naturally expected,



'pected, many of us, from our rank, at our birth in the world ?  
' Could we look back without pride or vanity, how have we  
' been raised to this honourable calling of having the rights of  
' all the nation reposed in our hands ? How then should we  
' behave in all stations, to make our calling and election sure ?  
' Let us ask ourselves, if we had more wages, would we not  
' have consumed them in our lusts and vanities ? if we had  
' more wages, should we not have been more wicked, more  
' proud, more silly, more profane than we have been ?'

He goes on in the true stile of a recruiting officer :

' Soldier, my beloved, is an honourable name, so that *Miles*  
' among the Romans is Latin for a *Knight* in our nation, from  
' whence all titles of honour take their original : and how  
' ought many of you to be thankful to your generous prince to  
' admit you into this honourable post ? Disdain the boorish  
' scoffs of the low-bred rustic in this case, give them a due  
' neglect.

' Look back on those who were fixed nearly in the same state  
' with you by fortune, some toiling from light to dark at  
' plough or flail, tired to extremity, scarce able to walk to their  
' dirty cottages, and forced to feed on coarse black bread, glad  
' to satisfy nature with far coarser food than any of you ever  
' here see ; many of them reduced by accidental loss of limbs,  
' drove to the mercy of a parish, and scarce able to preserve  
' life, by the interposition of the magistrate ; ought not you  
' then to be content with your wages, who have houses found  
' you, cloaths, shoes, and necessaries ?'

Well done, Serjeant Kite ! hear how gallantly he addresses  
his fellow-soldiers, ' Look on me, says he, whom God and  
' your prince has appointed to preach unto you, proud to keep  
' up order and decency, how could I answer to God to suffer dis-  
' order in the least among you ? O how could I love the mean-  
' est of you, could I hear less swearing, less profaneness, and  
' more earnestness in your prayers and devotion ! nay, how  
' ready (could one arm protect or assist you) should I be to  
' exert my native strength in the cause of my religion and my  
' prince ! But for you, my gallant fellow soldiers, who are ap-  
' pointed, let me imprint pious courage in your hearts, and you  
' will never be dismayed at the world's frowns and threats ; the  
' roaring cannons will but welcome you the sooner into heaven,  
' and you will meet your fiercest enemy with fearless courage,  
' *having your hopes full of immortality.*'

In the second part of our author's discourse on the well-  
known text, *Give me neither poverty nor riches, &c.* we find the  
following pretty allusions. Pray, gentle reader, mind and im-  
prove, remembering what Mr. Agar says, viz. that '*Midas*,

‘ covetous of gold, wished all he touched might be changed  
 ‘ into his adored idol, but found himself more unhappy in the  
 ‘ fruition of this golden wish, than he had been in the tanta-  
 ‘ lizing hope of expectation. Actæon, fond of field diversions,  
 ‘ is by the heathen poet feigned a prey to his sporting canibals.  
 ‘ Phaeton, giddy after change and pleasure, rolls down from  
 ‘ towering flights to ruin and destruction; and should we  
 ‘ calmly survey most of the unnecessary wishes of mankind, we  
 ‘ should find their incumbrances unsuspected, (like Prior’s la-  
 ‘ dle) often make us wish ourselves only freed from them  
 ‘ again.’

*Midas, Actæon, and Phaeton*, may, for aught we know, have made their appearance in a sermon before now; but we will venture to pronounce it is the first time that ever *Prior’s* ladle was tossed out of a pulpit.

In the twelfth sermon he desires the officers to remember, that the *gorgæd* on their breasts is an emblem of constancy and courage; and informs us in a note under this passage, that the *gorgæd* or *gorget* seems to take its original from *ægis*, *Pallas’s* buckler or cuirass, described *Virg. Æn. 5. v. 435.* and Gorgon: Minerva having killed the gorgon Medusa, nailed her head on the middle of the *ægis*, and wore it on her breast, which turned all to stone who looked thereon.

In the thirteenth sermon Mr. *Agar* takes an opportunity to display his classical reading in its full extent.

‘ Think thus of old (says he) a valiant Hector dragged  
 ‘ round the streets of Troy by barbarous resentment; there too  
 ‘ Achilles, that invulnerable brave, expiring by the dart of  
 ‘ Paris, fall a victim to this shadow liberty; Themistocles,  
 ‘ that gallant Athenian general, struggling for his native city’s  
 ‘ freedom, forced, after being banished from his native town he  
 ‘ had saved so long, to take exiled refuge with his greatest foe  
 ‘ Xerxes; and rather than ruin his ungrateful country, or de-  
 ‘ ceive his protecting prince, fall his own executioner. Next  
 ‘ see that same Xerxes weeping, that not one of his vast army  
 ‘ should survive one hundred years, ingloriously flying in a lit-  
 ‘ tle cock-boat, leaving his invincible army (as he but yester-  
 ‘ day thought it) with disgrace behind him.’

What a deal of fine learning is here crowded into this narrow compass! Such are the flowers and fancies which our readers will find scattered in great abundance about this performance. They will likewise meet with some choice phrases and expressions, which are, we suppose, purely technical, and suited to the meridian of a camp, such as, *greedying* after benefits, the *ruffles* of the world, religion *eclipsing* the amusements of nature, breasts *glittering* with piety, rivers *scarleting* with human blood, some men

quiffing over mistakes, and others hurried into suffocation, &c. &c. &c.

We shall conclude our extracts from this excellent beater of the drum ecclesiastic, with a short passage from his tenth sermon, which we leave the author to apply as he thinks proper.

‘ Since then the improvement of knowledge and beauty of language are the commendable pursuit of a rational creature, so on the contrary do the encomiums on the right use of it serve but to fully and satirize its abuse; when speech, improved and cultivated as it ought, makes the possessor shine as the new-born sun in his enlightened hemisphere, what must the abuser of it be but the dull clouded dusk of a penumbra man?’

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ART. VIII. *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor of England, in the reign of Henry VIII. To which is added his History of Utopia, translated into English; describing the most perfect state of a common-wealth, in the manners, religion, and polity, of that island. With notes historical and explanatory. By Ferd. Warner, L. L. D. 8vo. Pr. 5s. Davis and Reymers.*

‘ IF there is any probability (says the compiler of these Memoirs) that a great example of our own country, in a very distant time, may be exhibited to the present age with some success, I believe it will be as much allowed, that I have made a proper choice in Sir Thomas More, as that great examples are wanting to excite our virtue.’ With this design Dr. Warner has faithfully extracted from various historians all the facts and anecdotes which he could pick up, relating to this illustrious chancellor, who deserved indeed to live in better times, and to have met with a worthier fate. Our author has traced him from his birth in 1480 to the day of his execution in 1535, and given us an exact and circumstantial account of his rise, principles, conduct, disgrace, and death. The doctor has occasionally interspersed some reflections of his own on the conduct and behaviour of his hero; amongst which we are sorry to find the following remarkable passages, which, if we are not mistaken, contain some oblique insinuations to the prejudice of a truly great man now in power, whose conduct hath, in the opinion of most people, been hitherto irreproachable. But let our readers judge whether any such thing was intended by the author of the memoirs. Dr. Warner, after having observed, that Sir Thomas More never asked his majesty for the value of a penny,



penny, either for his family or himself in any part of his life, proceeds thus,

‘ We have here (says he) the instance of a man of the first abilities in the kingdom, who, without any patrimony, or any other substance than what he drew from his employment, had the courage and integrity to oppose on some occasions, which he thought detrimental to his country, the measures of the king and his ministers; in a reign, when opposition to them was so far from being fashionable, or a step to power, that it was very seldom seen, and almost as seldom left unpunished. But this opposition was solely with a view to prevent oppression and injustice to the people; and not to be taken off with a bribe of honour or power, to promote the same measures which in the same house he had before condemned. He had not pravity of heart to conceive, nor forehead of brass enough to assume such open base dissembling: and when places were conferred upon him without solicitation, he still retained his integrity towards his country; tho’ under a prince the most impatient of controul and contradiction that ever filled the English throne. He did not lose the idea, as well as the name, of patriot, as soon as he was in possession of a lucrative employment: nor did he crowd his relations into the posts of public service, who might with more propriety have been employed in some of the lowest scenes of life. But in the conduct of this man in the state and in the senate, patriotism might be viewed with a real lustre: not with a false or uncertain blaze, wavering between the measures of the king and people; or under the colour of serving his country, meaning nothing more than to acquire power, and to promote his own private interest.’

We are afraid that in this reflection *more is meant than meets the ear*; and that the doctor is no great friend to one of the best friends to this nation. Those who are in the least acquainted with the English history, are no strangers to all the principal facts and occurrences in the life of Sir Thomas More. To those however who never read of this gallant martyr to truth and virtue, the following account of his behaviour, whilst under sentence of death in the Tower, will not be unacceptable at this time.

‘ Sir Thomas’s wife, who had none of his greatness of mind, and probably not so much goodness at heart, remonstrated with much petulance,’ “ that he, who had always been reputed so wise a man, should now so play the fool as to be shut up in a close filthy prison with rats and mice; when he might enjoy his liberty and the king’s favour, if he would but do as all the bishops and other learned men had done; and as he  
“ had

“ had a good house to live in, his library, his gallery, his garden, his orchard, and all other necessities handsome about him, where he might enjoy himself with his wife and children, she could not conceive what he meant by tarrying so quietly in this imprisonment.” ‘ He heard her very patiently ; and having asked her in his facetious manner,’ “ whether that house was not as nigh to heaven as his own,” ‘ which she resented, he then assured her very seriously,’ “ that he saw no great cause for so much joy in his house and the things about it ; which would so soon forget its master, that if he were under ground but seven years, and came to it again, he should find those in it who would bid him be gone, and tell him it was none of his. Besides, his stay in it was so uncertain, that as he would be but a bad merchant who would put himself in danger to lose eternity for a thousand years, so how much more if he was not sure to enjoy it one day to an end.”

The relation of his death, and the circumstances attending it, may likewise be agreeable to our readers, we shall therefore give it in the doctor’s own words :

‘ After he had lain a few days under the sentence of death, preparing his mind by prayer and meditation for the stroke which was to follow, one of the creatures of the king made him a visit ; and we may suppose, I think, with the king’s consent, if not by his special order. Be this however as it might ; the whole intent of the visit being to persuade him, if possible, to comply with his majesty’s will, and to change his mind, Sir *Thomas* being wearied at last with his nonsense and importunity, in order to get rid of him, told him, that’ “ he had changed it.” ‘ No sooner had he said this, than the courtier left him ; and pluming himself upon the merit he should have with the king, in bringing Sir *Thomas More* to the point which his majesty wished, and which so many others had tried in vain, he went in great haste and joy to inform the king. The king however was not without apprehensions, that he had made a mistake in the meaning of Sir *Thomas* ; and therefore ordered him to return immediately to the Tower to know in what particulars the prisoner had changed his mind. When he came there, he had the mortification not only to be rebuked for his impertinent officiousness in telling his majesty every word that Sir *Thomas* had said even in jest, but also to learn that he had changed his mind no otherwise than in this ;’ “ that whereas he had intended to be shaved, that he might appear to the people as he was wont to do before his imprisonment, he was now fully resolved that his beard should share the same fate with his head.”

‘ On

‘ On the 5th of July, 1535, Sir Thomas Pope, his intimate friend, came to him from the king very early in the morning, to acquaint him that he should be executed that day at nine o’clock; and therefore that he must immediately prepare himself for death. If his majesty intended to shock or affright him by this short warning, he lost his aim so intirely, that the prisoner said to Sir Thomas Pope, “ I most heartily thank you for your good tidings: I have been much bound to the king’s highness, for the benefit of his honours that he hath most bountifully bestowed upon me: yet am I more bound to his grace, I do assure you, for putting me here, where I have had convenient time and space to have remembrance of my end: and so help me God, most of all I am bound unto him, that it hath pleased his majesty so shortly to rid me out of the miseries of this wretched world.” ‘ His friend then told him that his majesty’s pleasure further was, “ That he should not use many words at his execution.” ‘ Sir Thomas Pope having thus discharged his commission, bid his friend adieu with many tears, and with much commiseration. The prisoner desired him to be comforted with the prospect of eternal bliss, in which they should live and love together: and to give him an impression of the ease and quiet of his own mind, he took his urinal in his hand, and casting his water said with his usual mirth, “ I see no danger but that this man might live longer, if it had pleased the king.”

‘ As soon as Sir Thomas Pope had left him, he dressed himself in the best clothes he had; that his appearance might express the ease and complacency which he felt within. The lieutenant of the Tower objecting to this generosity to his executioner, who was to have his clothes, Sir *Thomas* assured him, “ if it was cloth of gold, he should think it well bestowed on him who was to do him so singular a benefit.” ‘ But the lieutenant, who was his friend, pressing him very much to change his dress, and Sir *Thomas*, being very unwilling to deny him so small a gratification, put on a gown of freeze; and of the little money that he had left sent an angel in gold to the executioner, as a token of his good-will. About nine o’clock he was brought out of the Tower, and led to the place of execution: but observing when he came to the scaffold, that it was so weakly built it was ready to fall down, he turned about, and said with his usual gaiety, “ I pray you Mr. Lieutenant see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself.” ‘ As soon as he had ascended it, he desired all the people to pray for him, and to bear witness with him, “ that he should then suffer death, in and for the faith  
“ of



“ of the holy catholic church, a faithful servant both of God  
 “ and the king.” ‘ Having said this, he kneeled down to his  
 ‘ prayers; and when he had made an end, he addressed him-  
 ‘ self to the executioner, with as much vivacity and chearful-  
 ‘ ness in his countenance as he had ever shewn in his happiest  
 ‘ hours; saying,’ “ Pluck up thy spirits man, and be not  
 “ afraid to do thine office: my neck is very short; take heed  
 “ therefore thou strike not awry for saving thine honesty.”  
 ‘ When the executioner would have covered his eyes, he told  
 ‘ him he would do that himself; which he did immediately  
 “ with a cloth he had brought with him for that purpose. Then  
 ‘ kneeling down, and laying his head upon the block to receive  
 ‘ the stroke, he bid the executioner’ “ stay till he had removed  
 “ his beard, for that, he said, had never committed any trea-  
 “ son;” ‘ and at one blow of the ax, his head was severed from  
 ‘ his body.’

To these Memoirs of the Life of Sir *Thomas More* is affixed  
 Bishop *Burnet's* Translation of his *Utopia*, a work much admired  
 by the *literati* both abroad and at home. It was written in  
*Latin* by Sir *Thomas* about the year 1516, and translated by  
 the bishop above seventy years ago. Dr. *Warner* has therefore  
 made a few slight alterations in the turn of expression, and in  
 single words, in order to give it a more modern air, and sub-  
 joined a few notes to explain and illustrate the author's mean-  
 ing, and make this piece more entertaining and instructive to  
 the present age.

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ART. IX. *All the Works of Epictetus, which are now extant; consisting of his Discourses, preserved by Arrian, in four books, the Enchiridion, and Fragments. Translated from the original Greek, by Elizabeth Carter. With an Introduction, and Notes, by the Translator. 4to. Pr. 1l. 1s. Millar.*

WHILST the ladies and lady-like gentlemen of this age  
 employ their leisure hours in the reading of plays and  
 romances, and three parts of the fashionable world confine all  
 their knowledge within the narrow limits of a *Circulating Li-*  
*brary*, it is not a little extraordinary to find a woman mistress of  
 the *Greek* language, sounding the depths of antient philosophy,  
 and capable of giving a faithful and elegant translation of one  
 of the most difficult authors of antiquity. The fair sex are sel-  
 dom very passionately fond of moral and didactic writings;  
*Epictetus* is therefore most singularly happy in thus becoming  
 the object of a lady's choice; and will probably from this lucky  
 circumstance in his favour, stand the chance of being better at-  
 tended

tended to than he ever was before. Mrs. Carter's translation has done justice to his sentiments, illustrated his arguments, and explained his principles in the most agreeable manner. Her stile is easy and perspicuous, her language in most parts pure and elegant, deviating as little as possible from the beauty and simplicity of the original.

The introduction, which is extremely well written, gives us an accurate and circumstantial account of the *Stoic-sect*, its rise, progress, doctrines, principles, and practice; this was thought necessary towards the illustration of those numerous passages in *Epictetus* which allude to them. Our female philosopher has occasionally interspersed several judicious and sensible reflections of her own, most of which are made with a view of exposing the errors and absurdities of this and every other antient system of philosophy, and illustrating the visible superiority of the *Gospel-dispensation*. Mrs. Carter seems indeed to abound as much in piety and goodness as in knowledge and learning, and to be as good a christian as she is a scholar.

‘ The Stoic scheme of theology, (says she) as it is explained  
 ‘ in Cicero, and other ancient writers, appears, in many parts  
 ‘ of it, strangely perplexed and absurd. Some however of this  
 ‘ seeming absurdity may possibly arise from the use of strong  
 ‘ figures; and the infinite difficulty of treating a subject, for  
 ‘ which no human language can supply proper and adequate  
 ‘ terms. The writings of the first founders of the Stoic philo-  
 ‘ sophy, who treated expressly on physiology and metaphysics,  
 ‘ are now lost: and all that can be known of their doctrines is  
 ‘ from fragments, and the accounts given of them by other au-  
 ‘ thors. By what can be collected from these, and particularly  
 ‘ by the account which Diogenes Laertius gives of the Stoics,  
 ‘ they appear to have held, that there is one supreme God,  
 ‘ incorruptible, unoriginated, immortal, rational, and perfect  
 ‘ in intelligence and happiness: unsusceptible of all evil: go-  
 ‘ vernaing the world, and every thing in it, by his Providence:  
 ‘ not however of the human form; but the Creator of the  
 ‘ universe: the Father likewise of all: and that the several  
 ‘ names of Apollo, Minerva, Ceres, &c. only denote different  
 ‘ exertions of his power in the different parts of the universe.  
 ‘ It would be well, if they had stopt here: but they plainly  
 ‘ speak of the world, as God; or of God, as the soul of the  
 ‘ world; which they call his substance: and I do not recollect  
 ‘ any proof, that they believed him to exist in the extramun-  
 ‘ dane space. Yet they held the world to be finite, and cor-  
 ‘ ruptible: and that, at certain periods, it was to undergo suc-  
 ‘ cessive conflagrations, and then all beings were to be resorbed  
 ‘ into God, and again reproduced by him. What they in-  
 ‘ tended

‘ tended by being resorbed into God, as I do not comprehend,  
‘ I will not attempt to explain : but I fear they understood by  
‘ it, a loss of separate personal existence. Yet some of the  
‘ later Stoics departed from this doctrine of the conflagration,  
‘ and supposed the world to be immortal. Indeed there is often  
‘ so much obscurity, and appearance of contradiction, in their  
‘ expressions, that it is very difficult, if not impossible, to form  
‘ any precise idea of their meaning. They who, with impar-  
‘ tiality, read what the antient philosophers of all sects have  
‘ written on the nature of God, will often find cause to think,  
‘ with the utmost veneration and gratitude, on the only book  
‘ in which this important article is explained, so far as is neces-  
‘ sary to be known, in a manner perfectly agreeable to the prin-  
‘ ciples of simple, unperverted reason. For what it graciously  
‘ teaches more than reason could, it confirms by such evidences  
‘ of its authority, as reason must admit, or contradict itself.’

The following account of some of the most remarkable doc-  
trines of the Stoics, extracted from the introduction, will, we  
are sure, be agreeable to our readers.

‘ The Stoics (says Mrs. Carter) sometimes define God to be an  
‘ intelligent, fiery spirit, without form, but passing into what-  
‘ ever things it pleases, and assimilating itself to all : sometimes  
‘ an active, operative fire. It might be hoped, that these were  
‘ only metaphorical phrases, if they did not expressly speak of  
‘ God as corporeal ; which is objected to them by Plutarch. In-  
‘ deed they defined all essence to be body. An error of which,  
‘ probably, they did not discover the ill tendency, any more  
‘ than Tertullian ; who inconsiderately followed them in this  
‘ very unphilosophical notion, that what is not body, is no-  
‘ thing at all. His christian faith secures him from the imputa-  
‘ tion of impiety : and the just and becoming manner in which  
‘ the Stoics, in many instances, speak of God, should incline  
‘ one to form the same favourable judgment of them : and those  
‘ authors seem guilty of great injustice, who represent them as  
‘ little better than atheists.

‘ They held the eternity of matter, as a passive principle ;  
‘ but that it was reduced into form by God ; and that the  
‘ world was made, and is continually governed by him. They  
‘ sometimes represent him, as modelling the constitution of the  
‘ world with supreme authority : at others, as limited by the  
‘ materials, which he had not the power to change. Epictetus  
‘ may be thought to incline to this latter opinion : yet his words  
‘ are capable of a different turn. And there are, perhaps, more  
‘ arguments, in the writings of the Stoics, to prove their belief  
‘ of the uncontrollable power of the Deity in the formation of  
‘ things,



‘ things, than those, which some unguarded expressions appear to furnish against it.

‘ Of all the philosophers the Stoics were the clearest and most zealous assertors of a particular providence: a belief which was treated with the utmost contempt by the Epicureans. As this principle is, of all others, the most conducive to the interests of virtue, and lays the foundation of all true piety, the Stoics are intitled to the highest honour for their steady defence of it; and their utter rejection of the idle, and contemptible, notion of chance.

‘ By *fate* they seem to have understood a series of events, appointed by the immutable counsels of God: or, that law of his providence, by which he governs the world. It is evident by their writings, that they meant in no sense, which interferes with the liberty of human actions. Cicero allows, that Chrysippus endeavoured to reconcile fate with free-will: and that it was contrary to his intention, that, by a perplexed way of arguing, he confirmed the doctrine of necessity. Whenever they speak of God, as subject to *fate*, which it must be owned they sometimes do in a very strong and unguarded manner, their meaning seems to be, that his own eternal will is his law: that he cannot change; because he always ordains what is best: and that, as fate is no more than a connected series of causes, God is the first original cause, on which all the rest depend.

‘ They imagined the whole universe to be peopled with gods, genii, and demons: and among other inferior divinities reckoned the sun, moon, and stars, which they conceived to be animated and intelligent; or inhabited by particular deities, as the body is by the soul, who presided over them, and directed their motions.

‘ The Stoics held both the above-mentioned intelligences, and the souls of men, to be portions of the essence of God, or parts of the soul of the world: and that they were corporeal, and perishable. Some of them indeed maintained, that human souls subsisted after death, but that they were, like all other beings, to be consumed at the conflagration. Cleanthes taught, that all souls lasted till that time: Chrysippus, only those of the good. Seneca is perpetually wavering: sometimes speaking of the soul as immortal; and, at others, as perishing with the body. And indeed there is nothing but confusion, and a melancholy uncertainty, to be met with among the Stoics on this subject.

‘ There is, I think, very little evidence to be found, that they believed future rewards or punishments, compared with  
‘ that

‘ that which appears to the contrary : at least the reader will observe, that Epictetus never asserts either. He strongly insists, that a bad man hath no other punishment than being such ; and a good man, no other reward : and he tells his disciple, that, when want of necessaries obliges him to go out of life, he returns to the four elements, of which he was made : that there is no Hades, nor Acheron, nor Pyriphlegethon : and he clearly affirms, that personal existence is lost in death. Had Epictetus believed future rewards, he must of course have made frequent mention of them. M. Antoninus, upon a supposition that souls continue after death, makes them to remain for some time in the air : and then to be changed, diffused, kindled, and resumed into the productive intelligence of the universe. In another place, he vindicates the conduct of Providence, on the hypothesis, that the souls of the good are extinguished by death.

‘ The Stoics thought, that every single person had a tutelary genius assigned him by God, as a guardian of his soul, and a superintendent of his conduct : and that all virtue and happiness consist in acting in concert with this genius, with reference to the will of the supreme director of the whole. Sometimes, however, they make the genius to be only the ruling faculty of every one’s own mind.

‘ A very slight examination of their writings is sufficient to convince any impartial reader, how little the doctrines of this sect were fitted to influence the generality of mankind. But indeed, about the generality of mankind, the Stoics do not appear to have given themselves any kind of trouble. They seemed to consider all (except the few, who were students in the intricacies of a philosophic system) as very little superior to beasts : and, with great tranquillity, left them to follow the devices of their own ungoverned appetites and passions. How unlike was this to the diffusive benevolence of the divine author of the Christian Religion, who adapted his discourses to the comprehension, and extended the means of happiness to the attainment, of all mankind !

At the conclusion of the introduction Mrs. Carter speaks of her own performance with that modesty and diffidence which always accompanies real merit. She seems indeed to possess the learning and sagacity of the celebrated *Dacier*, without the least tincture of her vanity and affectation.

We will now give our readers a specimen of the translation, which we have compared carefully with the original, and find to be throughout remarkably just and faithful.

## CHAPTER III.

*How from the doctrine that God is the Father of mankind, we may proceed to its consequences.*

‘ If a person could be persuaded of this principle as he ought, that we are all originally descended from God, and that he is the Father of gods and men; I conceive he never would think meanly or degenerately concerning himself. Suppose Cæsar were to adopt you, there would be no bearing your haughty looks: and will you not be elated on knowing yourself to be the son of Jupiter? yet, in fact, we are not elated. But having two things in our composition, intimately united, a body in common with the brutes, and reason and sentiment in common with the gods; many incline to this unhappy and mortal kindred, and only some few to the divine and happy one. And, as of necessity every one must treat each particular thing, according to the notions he forms about it; so those few, who think they are made for fidelity, decency, and a well-grounded use of the appearances of things, never think meanly or degenerately concerning themselves. But with the multitude the case is contrary: “For what am I? a poor contemptible man, with this miserable flesh of mine!” Miserable indeed. But you have likewise something better than this paultry flesh. Why then, overlooking *that*, do you pine away in attention to *this*?

‘ By means of this [animal] kindred, some of us, deviating towards it, become like wolves, faithless, and insidious, and mischievous: others, like lions, wild, and savage, and untamed: but most of us foxes, and wretches even among brutes. For what else is a slanderous and ill-natured man, than a fox, or something yet more wretched and mean? See then and take heed, that you do not become such wretches.’

## CHAPTER IV.

*That all things are under the divine inspection.*

‘ When a person ask’d him (*Epictetus*), how any one might be convinced, that each of his actions are under the inspection of God? Do not you think, says *Epictetus*, that all things are mutually bound together and united?

‘ I do.

‘ Well: and do not you think, that things on earth feel the influence of the heavenly bodies?

‘ Yes.

‘ Else how could the trees so regularly, as if by God’s express command, bud, blossom, bring forth fruit, and ripen it: then



\* then let it drop, and shed their leaves, and lie contracted  
 \* within themselves in quiet and repose ; all when he speaks the  
 \* word ? Whence, again, are there seen, on the increase and  
 \* decrease of the moon, and the approach and departure of the  
 \* sun, so great vicissitudes and changes, to the direct contrary,  
 \* in earthly things ? Have then the very leaves, and our own  
 \* bodies, this connection and sympathy with the whole ; and  
 \* have not our souls much more ? But our souls are thus con-  
 \* nected and intimately joined to God, as being indeed mem-  
 \* bers, and distinct portions, of his essence : and must not he  
 \* be sensible of every movement of them, as belonging, and  
 \* connatural to himself ? Can even *you* think of the divine ad-  
 \* ministration, and every other divine subject, and together with  
 \* these of human affairs also : can *you* at once receive impres-  
 \* sions on your senses and your understanding from a thousand  
 \* objects ; at once assent to some things, deny or suspend your  
 \* judgment concerning others, and preserve in your mind im-  
 \* pressions from so many and various objects, and whenever you  
 \* are moved by [the traces of] them, hit on ideas similar to  
 \* those which first impressed you : can *you* retain a variety of  
 \* arts, and the memorials of ten thousand things : and is not  
 \* God capable of surveying all things, and being present with  
 \* all, and receiving a certain communication from all ? Is the  
 \* sun capable of illuminating so great a portion of the universe,  
 \* and of leaving only that small part of it unilluminated, which  
 \* is covered by the shadow of the earth : and cannot *he* who made  
 \* and revolves the sun, a small part of himself, if compared with  
 \* the whole ; cannot *he* perceive all things ?

“ But *I* cannot (say you) attend to all things at once.”  
 \* Why, doth any one tell you, that you have equal power with  
 \* Jupiter ? No : but nevertheless he has assigned to each man a  
 \* director, his own good genius, and committed him to his  
 \* guardianship : a director, whose vigilance no slumbers inter-  
 \* rupt, and whom no false reasonings can deceive. For, to  
 \* what better and more careful guardian could he have com-  
 \* mitted us ? So that when you have shut your doors, and  
 \* darkened your room, remember, never to say that you are  
 \* alone ; for you are not : but God is within, and your genius  
 \* is within : and what need have they of light, to see what you  
 \* are doing ? To this God you likewise ought to swear such an  
 \* oath as the soldiers do to Cæsar. For do they, in order to re-  
 \* ceive their pay, swear to prefer before all things, the safety  
 \* of Cæsar : and will not *you* swear, who have received so many  
 \* and so great favours ; or, if you have sworn, will you not  
 \* stand to it ? And what must you swear ? Never to disobey,  
 \* nor accuse, nor murmur at any of the things appointed by

‘ him : nor unwillingly to do or suffer any thing necessary. Is  
 ‘ this oath like the former ? In the first, persons swear not to  
 ‘ honour any other beyond Cæsar ; in the last, beyond all, to  
 ‘ honour themselves.’

The following extract from the first chapter of the third book of the discourses may serve to give our readers an idea of the *Socratic* manner of arguing by question and answer, adopted by *Epictetus* and his followers, which, tho’ it enforce conviction, may perhaps appear rather dry and tedious to a modern disputant.

‘ A certain young rhetorician coming to him, with his hair  
 ‘ too curiously ornamented, and his dress very fine ; Tell me,  
 ‘ says *Epictetus*, whether you do not think some horses and  
 ‘ dogs beautiful ; and so of all other animals ?

‘ I do.

‘ Are some men then likewise beautiful, and others de-  
 ‘ formed ?

‘ Certainly.

‘ Do we call each of these beautiful then in its kind, on the  
 ‘ same account, or on some account peculiar to itself ? You  
 ‘ will judge of it by this : since we see a dog naturally formed  
 ‘ for one thing, a horse for another, and a nightingale, for  
 ‘ instance, for another ; in general, it will not be absurd to  
 ‘ pronounce each of them beautiful, so far as it is in the con-  
 ‘ dition most suitable to its own nature : but, since the nature  
 ‘ of each is different, I think each of them must be beautiful in  
 ‘ a different way. Is it not so ?

‘ Agreed.

‘ Then, what makes a dog beautiful, makes a horse deformed ;  
 ‘ and what makes a horse beautiful, a dog deformed ; if their  
 ‘ natures are different.

‘ So it seems probable.

‘ For, I suppose, what makes a good pancratiast makes no  
 ‘ good wrestler, and a very ridiculous racer ; and the very same  
 ‘ person who appears beautiful as a pentathlete, would appear  
 ‘ very deformed in wrestling.

‘ Very true.

‘ What then, makes a man beautiful ? Is it the same, in ge-  
 ‘ neral, that makes a dog or a horse so ?

‘ The same.

‘ What is it then, that makes a dog beautiful ?

‘ That excellency which belongs to a dog.

‘ What, a horse ?

‘ The excellency of a horse ?

‘ What, a man ? Must it not be the excellency belonging to  
 ‘ a man ? If then you would appear beautiful, young man,  
 ‘ strive for human excellency.

‘ What

- ‘ What is that ?
- ‘ Consider, when you praise, without partial affection, whom you praise : is it the honest, or the dishonest ?
- ‘ The honest.
- ‘ The sober, or the dissolute ?
- ‘ The sober.
- ‘ The temperate, or the intemperate ?
- ‘ The temperate.
- ‘ Then, if you make yourself such a character, you know that you will make yourself beautiful : but, while you neglect these things, though you use every contrivance to appear beautiful, you must necessarily be deformed.’

After the \* *Discourses of Epictetus*, we meet with his *Enchiridion*, or *Manual*, which has been translated by many, but never so well as by Mrs. Carter. Two or three passages will sufficiently prove this.

- ‘ Men are disturbed, not by things, but by the principles and notions which they form concerning things. Death, for instance, is not terrible, else it would have appeared so to Socrates. But the terror consists in our notion of death, that it is terrible. When therefore we are hindered, or disturbed, or grieved, let us never impute it to others, but to ourselves ; that is, to our own principles. It is the action of an uninstructed person to lay the fault of his own bad condition upon others ; of one entering upon instruction, to lay the fault on himself ; and of one perfectly instructed, neither on others, nor on himself.

- ‘ Never say of any thing, “ I have lost it ;” but, “ I have restored it.” ‘ Is your child dead ? it is restored. Is your wife dead ? She is restored. Is your estate taken away ? Well : and is not that likewise restored ? “ But he who took it away is a bad man.” ‘ What is it to you, by whose hands he, who gave it, hath demanded it back again ? While he gives you to possess it, take care of it ; but as of something not your own, as passengers do of an inn.

- ‘ When any person doth ill by you, or speaks ill of you, remember, that he acts, or speaks, from a supposition of its

- \* ‘ Arrian, the disciple of Epictetus, to whom we are obliged for these discourses, was a Greek by birth, but a senator and consul of Rome : and an able commander in war. He imitated Xenophon, both in his life and writings : and particularly in delivering to posterity the conversations of his master. There were originally twenty books of them, besides the *Enchiridion*, which seems to be taken out of them, and an account of his life and death.’



being his duty. Now, it is not possible, that he should follow what appears right to you, but what appears so to himself. Therefore, if he judges from a wrong appearance, he is the person hurt; since he too is the person deceived. For, if any one should suppose a true proposition to be false, the proposition is not hurt; but he who is deceived [about it]. Setting out then from these principles, you will meekly bear a person who reviles you; for you will say, upon every occasion, "It seemed so to him."

Mrs. *Carter* has likewise translated the few Fragments generally attributed to *Epicætetus*, which complete and conclude this work.

We are very glad to find by the large list of subscribers prefixed, that the translation has met with that encouragement which it so highly deserves; and hope, as Mrs. *Carter's* first performance has been so well received by the public, it will not be long before she favours it with another.

ART. X. *Impartial Remarks upon the Preface of the Rev. Dr. Warburton, wherein that author has taken some uncommon liberties with the character of Dr. Taylor, chancellor of Lincoln. Together with a fair review of the question, and some observations occasioned by the additional part of the Divine Legation. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Cooper.*

THE *Remarks* before us are written with a warmth and spirit well-becoming one friend in vindication of another whom he thinks injured and affronted. Dr. *Warburton* having, in the preface to his new edition of the *Divine Legation*, treated the chancellor of *Lincoln* with some severity, our author hath boldly ventured to attack the great literary colossus. He observes that the dean of *Bristol* seems not only to have gone out of his way, to attack this gentleman, but to have acted in contradiction to his very principles: he calls persecution for opinions the opprobrium of our nature, even where he makes this severe attack upon Dr. *Taylor*:

That it is of little consequence to the world, whether the first christians were persecuted, because they met in the night, or whether they met in the night because they were persecuted; nor is it of any great importance, whether Dr. *Warburton* be or be not a scholar; but it is a serious question whether the chancellor of *Lincoln* has, or has not, expressed himself in a manner unbecoming one who reverences Christianity? and whether, beside integrity and truth, there should not be a regard

‘ regard to decency in the manner wherein one clergyman  
‘ writes of another.’

The question (as our remarker further observes) is such as nothing but the debate could have made important; being only this, ‘ Whether the early christians were persecuted because  
‘ they met in the night, or whether they met in the night, be-  
‘ cause they were persecuted? a dispute of opinion only, nei-  
‘ ther important nor possible to be determined: how improper  
‘ then, and how indecent to bring into the question passages  
‘ selected from various parts of different sacred writers; which  
‘ could not any way assist in determining the dispute; but which,  
‘ as they were proposed, would lead men to form improper opi-  
‘ nions.’

Our author therefore advises Dr. *Warburton* to remember in his future writings always the importance of his own great character; to consider that in a man like him there would be no excuse allowed for error or inaccuracy; that every thing he does the world will suppose he does with design; and where it is impossible to find a good reason they will advance a bad one.

He then proceeds to defend Dr. *Taylor's* \* words, which the *dean* objected to, being of opinion that a common reader will find nothing in them strange, and that a learned reader cannot.

‘ Many (says he) have wondered why Dr. *Taylor* was the sub-  
‘ ject of all this outrage, who had been guilty of no crime but  
‘ one different opinion, and who had proposed that as became  
‘ a gentleman, and a scholar.

‘ But the second volume was to be encreased by a certain  
‘ quantity, and the author had not well computed his copy:  
‘ a little printing swallows up a world of manuscript. A pre-  
‘ face is a kind of loose piece easily stuck on afterwards, and  
‘ Dr. *Taylor*, though not a very fair subject, afforded no un-  
‘ worthy opportunity.’

Our author then considers the four reasons which Dr. *Warburton* asserts were the only ones that Dr. *Taylor* could assign for the nocturnal assemblies; all which, as our remarker shrewdly observes, Dr. *Warburton* knew to be scandalous, and having shewn these not to be the cause, sits down in triumph. Our remarker has, moreover, added a *fifth* reason, which is, in his opinion, a much better one than either of the four which the *dean* had thought proper to mention; namely, *convenience*.

‘ The early christians (says he) allotted certain hours to the  
‘ solemnization of the holy offices of their religion, to prayer

\* The words *converse proposition*, the *utmost latitude*, and *public capacity*, all which Dr. *Warburton*, in his preface, treats with contempt and ridicule.

‘ and praise of the Almighty ; and to a pious conversation with  
 ‘ one another, upon the subjects of their religion ; to comfort  
 ‘ each other under affliction, and strengthen themselves in their  
 ‘ new faith.

‘ The hours of rest were the private property of all, and  
 ‘ what they chose to abridge from that refreshment, they had a  
 ‘ right to bestow upon religion. They could bestow these  
 ‘ hours upon it undisturbed ; and there was merit in the sacri-  
 ‘ fice they made of natural rest, to the purposes of devotion.

‘ This was the plain occasion, this the honourable origin of  
 ‘ the midnight worship of the early christians : this is so evi-  
 ‘ dent to reason, that it cannot be disputed when proposed ;  
 ‘ and it is so natural, that ’tis impossible the author of the  
 ‘ preface could have overlooked it through any cause but one,  
 ‘ viz. its contradiction to his favourite system. The early chrif-  
 ‘ tians did meet in the night, and they were therefore persecuted ;  
 ‘ but no one of the four causes assigned for their meetings, by  
 ‘ Dr. Warburton is true : therefore his deductions from that  
 ‘ state of the case are false. The true reason of their meet-  
 ‘ ings at those hours, were the convenience and uninterrupted  
 ‘ silence of the time. They paid attention to the first of these  
 ‘ because they were honest, and to the latter because they were  
 ‘ pious ; and although it is true that they did meet in the  
 ‘ night, and that they were therefore persecuted ; it does not  
 ‘ follow from this, that they were fanatics or libertines, as Dr.  
 ‘ Warburton asserts ; but, on the contrary, that they were  
 ‘ honest and pious men.

‘ Thus much (says our remarker towards the conclusion of  
 ‘ this pamphlet) it has appeared necessary to say to the method  
 ‘ of argument : as to the expression, it is beneath regard.  
 ‘ There is a sort of language which reflects dishonour only on  
 ‘ those who use it ; and in the present instance, Dr. Taylor may  
 ‘ well pardon his antagonist, who has let loose no more of his  
 ‘ pertness upon him, than on the holy † scriptures.

The

† ‘ I must be so free (says the remarker, p. 18) as to tell this  
 ‘ gentleman, it is by such as him they should be taught it : that  
 ‘ if the clergy treat the scriptures with a wanton levity, the rest of  
 ‘ the world will not be led easily to a more decent conduct. He  
 ‘ should know also that the most awful passages should be most  
 ‘ sacred from this light representation ; and that the greatest  
 ‘ men ought to be most upon their guard against the levity.

‘ When the earth trembled at the prayers of Paul and Silas ;  
 ‘ the chains dropped voluntary from their limbs ; the bars gave  
 ‘ way



The remarker apologizes for the warmth and severity of his expressions in the following words :

‘ It is with concern I speak lightly or harshly of Dr. Warburton ; for though not of the opinion of his pitiful adulator in the Estimate, who thinks him born to retrieve the credit of this age, it is not too much to say he would have been an ornament to any : but the coarse attack he has condescended to make on Dr. Taylor, demanded a reply from candour itself : and observations will, in spite of their author, draw so much colour from their subject, that it has been impossible to avoid some expressions here, which would by no means have become one who wrote concerning the author of the Legation, on any other occasion.’ And concludes this pamphlet with observing, that ‘ the world, always ready to form that judgment which has least good nature, and fondest to be severe against the most distinguished, will be apt to say it was not the opinion, but the man, the author of the Divine Legation attacked ; and when their curious search can find no better ground for the insult, may give it all to envy.’

This pamphlet is, upon the whole, a smart and sensible performance, and will, doubtless, be the better received by the public, as written in vindication of a man of acknowledged learning and abilities, and who has, as *Shakespear* says, always borne his faculties so meekly, as to gain more friends and fewer enemies than, perhaps, any of equal talents with himself.

‘ way without apparent force ; and their keeper saw the massy doors self-opening to discharge them ; what must have been his wonder and his veneration ! we know an unbeliever must have felt a sacred dread while he beheld it : but what shall we say, what shall we expect the world will say of a christian priest, who having occasion to mention the transaction, calls it a “ midnight meeting between Paul, Silas, a goaler, and an earthquake.” ‘ An honest heathen would exclaim at it

‘ *Parcite pollutis contingere vincula palmis.*

‘ And a just persecution would have stopped his mouth for ever.’

## FOREIGN ARTICLES.

## PARIS.

ART. XI. *Traductions des partitions oratoires de Cicéron, &c.*

Cicero's Dialogues upon Oratory; translated from the Latin, with explanatory notes, and remarks accompanied by examples in the different branches of rhetoric, and Cicero's oration against Q. Cecilius.

**I**N this dialogue the speakers are the orator, and a son, who, it is very likely reaped but little profit from the instruction of his father. The questions are asked by the son quite in character of a learner; and solved by the father in a manner that shews he *believes* himself sufficiently intelligible, because he fully understands the subject. In this case, the translator judiciously conceiving that the bare translation of a text so extremely concise, would not answer the end of his labour, has accompanied it with notes, that shew at the same time his taste and his learning; as among them may be found many sensible precepts, several examples well chosen and happily applied, together with remarks that compose sublime dissertations on the various branches of oratory. The principles that he lays down are clear, properly deduced and explained, well connected, and drawn from the first fountains of antient and modern learning. Cicero himself is the soul that informs the whole; we find him brought in almost every where to explain himself. The author has been moreover so scrupulously nice, that wherever he finds an equivocal word, he endeavours to give it its precise signification: this is a point not sufficiently attended to by those who write for the schools; for in a book of instruction, nothing difficult, or that can bear a double meaning, should be left unexplained or indeterminate: and we can safely undertake, after the most critical consideration, to recommend this piece to those who have under their care boys that are to be improved in French and Latin. The style is not, perhaps, the most correct, the phrases being rather long and confused; but then it contains every thing that is useful in rhetoric, and leaves nothing good that has been said at any time on the art, without taking notice of it. The principles are just, the reflections properly ranged; the examples chosen and introduced with classic judgment.

ART.

ART. XII. *Abregé Chronologique de l'histoire ancienne, des empires et des républiques qui ont paru avant Jesus Christ, &c.*

A Chronological Abridgment of the antient history of the empires and republics that flourished before the christian æra ; with an account of the cotemporary learned and illustrious men, and historical remarks upon the genius and manners of the different people, by Monf. Lacombe.

The author of this piece was bred up to the law, and has applied himself some time to the study of chronology : he here presents us with a specimen of the fruits of his labour. In examining which, it is plain that he has tried every possible source of information, whether derived from antient or modern authors. The work is divided into eight parts : the first contains the history of Egypt ; the second, that of the Medes, Babylonians, and Assyrians ; the third, of Persia ; the fourth, of Greece, that is to say of Athens, Lacedemon, Macedonia, and the kingdom of Syria, and it concludes with an account of the Carthaginians and Parthians. Under each year he arranges the most interesting events ; and in parallel columns the succession of princes, the progress of the learned, accounts of great men, and uncommon accidents : but had he been more particular with regard to nations and cotemporanity, we should have pronounced him more accurate ; for what in the name of wonder have the learned of other nations to do with the affairs of Egypt, and they perhaps the ornaments of a preceding æra ? or what has the republic of Rome to do with the Egyptian monarchy at the time of its foundation. The business of a work of this nature, is to explain the particular history of each nation so distinctly, and at the same time so concisely, that we may be masters of the whole on glancing an eye over the page. Let Egypt enjoy her Hermes, Manethon, &c. but leave Ennius, Plautus, Cato, &c. peaceably to Rome.

Speaking of the Persians, he says, that struck with the vivifying heat of the sun, its wonderful effect upon nature, and its unparalleled lustre, they acknowledged it as a God under the name of Mithra. To this deity they consecrated a superb chariot, drawn by the most valuable horses in the world, and sacrificed oxen. Fire became another object of their adoration, in consequence of this worship ; it was borne before their sovereign on a march or journey, and the guardianship of it given to the magi. The moon, the earth and winds became afterwards divinities with these people. The magi, who were the priests and wise men of this nation, were all of one tribe, founded by Zoroaster,



roaster. They pretend, that to a second of that name, who flourished under Darius, the son of Hyftaspes, 600 years after the demise of the first, they owed their reformation. The former held that the world was governed by two divinities, one a principal of evil, the other of good. Light, according to him, was the image of the good principal ; darkness, that of evil.

The second Zoroaster acknowledged one God, superior to all other divinities ; existing by himself from all eternity. It is not unlikely that he drew many of his opinions from scripture, and some have suspected that he was a Jew. But after all, so few monuments of antiquity remain, that the religion of the Persians can at the best be but imperfectly traced ; the oriental authors are too ignorant to be relied on ; the Greek writers say too little. The works attributed to Zoroaster, in the hands of the magi, might perhaps afford great lights, could we get at them, though it is more than probable that they are apocryphal. We have a treatise upon the religion of the antient Persians, by Mr. Hyde, wherein he shews himself rather as its champion than historian, and to us he appears to pay too great a regard to the oriental writings.

The religion of the antient Persians was adopted by the Parthians their successors : they were formed of a colony of malecontents, who, abused and prosecuted in their own country, sought elsewhere an establishment. Their name implies *banned*, or fugitive, and their native country, according to some, lay near the Palus Mæotis ; according to others, near Oxus and Taxantes. In manners, language, and military discipline, they nearly resembled the Scythians : like them they fed either on horse-flesh, or such animals as they hunted down. Upon a journey they fed on raw meat, or at best, after it had been only baked under their saddle. They being by nature of a cruel, seditious and iniquitous turn, it was the business of the king to keep them constantly in war, otherwise his country had been torn by civil wars, and his throne endangered.

We have given this short abstract to shew that this work is entertaining as well as useful, and tho' it is not without some imperfections and misnomers, the author has shewn great taste and critical knowlege in antiquity.

Monthly

## Monthly CATALOGUE.

Art. 13. *The Life of Admiral Vernon. By an impartial hand.*  
12mo. Price 3s. Fuller.

**C**OULD the spirit of Admiral Vernon take cognizance of sublunary affairs, how would it rejoice to see its terrestrial exploits recorded by such an admirable historian! how would it exult in that good fortune which was denied the great Alexander! Heavens! what an unshaken regard to truth, what accuracy, what interesting incidents, what curious anecdotes, what sage observations, what elegance of style, what energy of diction, do we contemplate in this egregious performance, sold for J. Fuller, in Avemary-lane, at so small a price as Three Shillings!

We believe every body who had the least acquaintance with Admiral Vernon's person or character, will be surprized to hear from this venerable biographer, that he the said admiral studied the Latin and Greek tongues assiduously, and had even made great progress in the Hebrew. It must have been surely with some view to serve his country, that during his whole life, he so carefully and successfully avoided the imputation of being tinctured with human learning. This was undoubtedly, a master-piece of political reserve, attended with some important consequences, which still lie among the secrets of the deep, though in time they may be dragged to light, by some such industrious historian as the author of this performance. The admiral, however, while at Westminster-school, was not so absorpt in his studies, but, that he frequently withdrew from them, to converse with watermen and sailors, among whom he imbibed such a taste for marine affairs, that his school-fellows called him by the name and title of Admiral Vernon. Of a much more uncommon strain is the following dialogue between Mr. Secretary Vernon, and his son, afterwards admiral; a dialogue which we shall insert as a specimen of the historian's abilities; for, we cannot but suppose that, on this occasion, he has imitated the freedom of Livy, Polybius, and other antient authors, who, without scruple, composed speeches for the chief personages of their performances.

‘ One day in particular, the secretary was insisting with him, partly by promises, partly by threatenings, to give over the thoughts of the sea service, as being a state of continual danger, and subjecting a person to live constantly amongst the most grovelling set of mortals, the very dregs and refuse of the people. “ Common seamen and common soldiers, (replied

“plied Mr. Edward) may deserve to be called such, but among  
 “the commanders and admirals few of these are to be found.”  
 “The secretary then called for a copy of Virgil, in which he  
 “desired his son to interpret that portion of the first book of  
 “the *Æneid*, which contains the description of the storm which  
 “scattered the fleet of *Æneas*, and which was so violent that  
 “the wind split the waters in such a manner, as the ground  
 “which they covered might be seen dry, and drove him and his  
 “companions on the shore of Carthage. “This storm, (said  
 “Mr. Vernon) proceeded from the imagination of the poet,  
 “more than from any real thunder, lightning, or agitation  
 “in the air; for it is not very likely that *Æolus* should have  
 “the winds shut up in a mountain, and be able to force the  
 “same out by the stroke of a spear.”

“The secretary then ordered him to translate that colloquy of  
 “*Erasmus*, called the Shipwreck, in which the vessel is repre-  
 “sented as rising so high on the top of a billow, that at one  
 “time a person might lay his hand upon the moon, and at an-  
 “other time sinking, in a manner, into the centre of the earth.  
 “Are you not, (said the father) persuaded now? These de-  
 “scriptions (answered Mr. Vernon) never move me; a Dutch-  
 “man’s imagination may be as fertile, and may be as much at  
 “liberty, as that of an Italian; both of them are fictitious  
 “alike: but if a person is to be affrightened by dangers, there  
 “never had been an exploit upon earth.” “To which the se-  
 “cretary answered, with great mildness, and with that gravity  
 “and composure, which so much become a parent when speak-  
 “ing to a child upon a delicate subject, concerning what sphere  
 “he is to act in hereafter, “Your resolution seems to be fixed,  
 “and to be as unalterable as those of *Cato* himself.” “Yes,  
 “(replied the son, with a modesty suitable to the place wherein  
 “he stood) I have adopted the resolution of *Cato*, and though  
 “I do not chuse to imitate him in every thing, yet in some  
 “things I do:” “and so repeated the following lines from the  
 “second book of *Lucan’s Pharsalia*, concerning that strict justi-  
 “ciary heathen.

“These maxims *Cato* constantly obey’d,

“Each end he view’d, and reason’s laws him sway’d;

“He followed nature, nature’s sway him rul’d;

“To save the state his passions he controul’d.

“The father, though pleased to find such sagacity in his son,  
 “and such a surprising progress in his studies, was yet unwill-  
 “ling to give up the argument; for he judged that these un-  
 “common abilities would assist him to make a bright and splen-  
 “did appearance at the bar. He urged, few seamen ever at-  
 “tained that high reputation, which generals and soldiers fre-  
 “quently



quently acquired. "Methinks (said Mr. Vernon) that the immortal lyric poet has bestowed a higher encomium upon seamen in general, than ever was bestowed upon those moving in any other sphere.

"His heart was oak, his lungs were brass,

"Who first, in brittle ships, did try

"To brave the seas and stormy winds,

"And even the terrors of the sky.

"But (continued the father) the victories gained by sea were never honoured among the Romans, as those obtained at land : triumphs were devoted to the conquerors."——' Here Mr.

Edward interrupted, and said, "Augustus Cæsar made a more glorious figure when entering Rome after the defeat of Mark Anthony and Cleopatra at Actium, than ever he or his predecessor Julius Cæsar did before. And not only so, but the apartment in the shield of Æneas, whereon that signal victory is painted in so masterly a manner, is, I am told, the most glorious episode in the whole description, which, if you please, (continued he) I shall repeat before you." The father charmed with the proposal, desired he might go on, and accordingly Mr. Vernon, in obedience to his father's commands, rehearsed the following lines from the eighth book of the Æneid.

"Mars in the middle of the shining shield

"Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.

"The Diræ fouse from heaven with swift descent,

"And discord dy'd in blood, with garments rent,

"Divides the preace : her steps Bellona treads,

"And shakes her iron rod above their heads.

"This seen ; Apollo from his Actian height

"Pours down his arrows ; at whose winged flight,

"The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield ;

"And soft Sabæans quit the wat'ry field ;

"The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,

"And, shrinking from the fate, invokes the gales :

"Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath,

"Panting and pale, for fear of future death.

"The god had figur'd her as drawn along

"In winds and waves, and scudding through the throng.

"Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide

"His arms and ample bosom to the tide,

"And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,

"In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.

"The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,

"And Rome triumphant with his presence blest'd.

"Three

" Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd,  
 " With spoils and altars ev'ry temple grac'd.  
 " Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,  
 " The field refound with shouts, the streets with praise,  
 " The domes with songs, the theatres with plays ;  
 " All altars flame ; before each altar lies,  
 " Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.  
 " Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne,  
 " Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone ;  
 " Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,  
 " And hangs the monumental crown on high.  
 " Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,  
 " Various in arms, in habit and in tongue."

Jestings apart, this extract is, perhaps, more than sufficient to convince the reader, that nothing can be more poultry and despicable than this composition intituled, " The Life of Admiral Vernon."

Art. 14. *Madrigal and Truletta. A Mock-Tragedy. With notes by the author, and Dr. Humbug, critick and censor-general. By J. Reed. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Reeve.*

Parody and burlesque, tho' ever so well executed, have very little merit in them, because the highest degree of perfection which they are capable of attaining to, may be acquired by a very moderate capacity. The most necessary requisite in a performance of this nature, is indeed a good memory, which the author of the piece before us seems happily possessed of, as there is scarce a striking passage in any of what the theatrical world calls *Stock-plays*, which is not introduced. All the humour lies in the application of them to taylor, cobblers, &c. who compose the *Dramatis Personæ*. We shall extract one scene, which we believe our readers will be as well, if not better, contented with than the whole tragedy.

‘ A C T III. S C E N E II.

‘ Enter *Bukramo* the taylor, and *Strapada* the cobbler.

‘ *Buck.* My ears deceive me, or I heard the voice  
 ‘ Of dear Strapada once ; but, now alas !  
 ‘ No more my friend—’tis he—avenging steel !  
 (puts up his bodkin.  
 ‘ Rest here unseen—his lab’ring mind is lock’d  
 ‘ In contemplation’s closest cell—I’ll try  
 ‘ To rouse him from this trance of thought—what, ho !  
 ‘ Strapada !

‘ *Strap.*

‘ *Strap.* Ha !—Buckramo !—Thou wast once  
 ‘ My trustiest friend : in my heart’s core I wore thee ;  
 ‘ Ay in my heart of hearts.

‘ *Buck.* Ammonian Jove !  
 ‘ And all ye gods, and goddeffes : peruse  
 ‘ The folio of my past and present thoughts !  
 ‘ Peruse it page by page, or in the way  
 ‘ Of modern connoisseurs, videlicet,  
 ‘ Run o’er contents and index—if you find  
 ‘ A wish, unless to have Truletta mine,  
 ‘ Preferr’d to good Strapada’s dearest friendship,  
 ‘ Hurl my thrice-thankless spirit vengeful down  
 ‘ Into th’ infernal pitchy lake, prepar’d  
 ‘ For negro-soul’d ingratitude.

‘ *Strap.* By Saturn !  
 ‘ His mother’s in his face—the dear Scourella—  
 ‘ It is too much to bear—spite of my vow  
 ‘ I must, I must relent—there is a way  
 ‘ To reinstate thee in my love : be virtuous.  
 ‘ The friends of virtue are Strapada’s friends—  
 ‘ Forgo thy black design on Madrigal,  
 ‘ And be as dear as ever——what incites thee  
 ‘ To seek his blood ?

‘ *Buck.* He robs me of my mistress :  
 ‘ And in return I rob him of his life.  
 ‘ The robber rob, and robbery grows virtue.

‘ *Strap.* The subtlety of schools may paint this maxim ;  
 ‘ The schools, where learned error stalks abroad  
 ‘ With such gigantic strides, in wisdom’s garb ;  
 ‘ But truth, and sound philosophy, disclaim  
 ‘ The poultry dawbing—know, bloodthirsty youth !  
 ‘ Know, thou death’s orator ! dread advocate  
 ‘ For bowellefs severity ! forgiveness  
 ‘ Is greater, wiser, manlier bravery  
 ‘ Than wild revenge.

‘ *Buck.* Ha ! whither would’st thou lead me ?

‘ *Strap.* To virtue, to forgiveness——talk no more  
 ‘ Of fell revenge.

‘ *Buck.* Not talk of it, Strapada ?  
 ‘ I’ll talk of it, tho’ hell itself should gape  
 ‘ And bid me hold my peace—not talk of it ?  
 ‘ Not of revenge ? the attribute of th’ gods,  
 ‘ Who stamp it in our natures to impell  
 ‘ Mankind to noblest darings.



- ‘ *Strap*. Rather call it  
 ‘ The attribute of devils, stamp’d on man  
 ‘ To draw deluded mortals to destruction.  
 ‘ *Buck*. No more, no more—tempt me no more in vain—  
 ‘ My soul is wrought to the sublimest rage  
 ‘ Of horrible revenge.  
 ‘ *Strap*. And thou art fix’d  
 ‘ On bloody purpose?  
 ‘ *Buck*. Fix’d as Cambrian mountain  
 ‘ On its own base, or gaming lords on ruin.  
 ‘ *Strap*. Then all my flattering hopes of thy reclaim  
 ‘ Are lost; and my shock’d soul akes at thee: yet  
 ‘ Attend my last request—defer thy purpose,  
 ‘ Till the cold earth, in her parental bosom,  
 ‘ Receive thy venerable master’s corse.  
 ‘ E’er long the sad procession will begin:  
 ‘ Then do not with unhallow’d broil prophane  
 ‘ The dread solemnity of funeral rites:  
 ‘ But lend thy kind assistance to support  
 ‘ Thy sorrowing mistress thro’ the mournful scene.  
 ‘ This thou wilt promise?  
 ‘ *Buck*. By yon silver lamp,  
 ‘ Which stringless hangs, or hangs by string unseen  
 ‘ In azure firmament, I will!  
 ‘ *Strap*. Till then, farewell!

This is sufficient to give our readers a proper idea of this piece, which the author has contrived to stretch into five acts; a melancholy circumstance for the poor audience, who, we doubt not, were heartily sick of the performance before the conclusion of it; for though we may here and there meet with something laughable, it must have been a dismal three hours entertainment.

Art. 15. *Things as they are.* 8vo. Price 2s. Hooper and Morley.

This is a shrewd performance, in which, though there are some maxims and reflections that do not correspond with our ideas of things; nevertheless, we find many remarks that are equally pertinent and uncommon. The scope of the author is to prove, that we unnecessarily contracted an alliance with Prussia, which incensed the Russians, our former allies, and drove the house of Austria into the arms of France; by which means we have intailed upon ourselves a continental war against the three greatest powers in Europe, to be maintained by the  
 help

help of one single ally, supported with the treasure of this nation. He proceeds to demonstrate, that this ally must, sooner or later, fall a sacrifice to his own ambition : he expatiates on the absurdity of German connections ; on the inconsistent parts acted by the K—— of G—— B——, and the E—— of H——r ; on the folly of pursuing the French to their own doors ; and on the insignificance of our late expeditions to the coast of France. These observations are interspersed with many farcasms on the ministry, which we hope are unjust and undeserved. The public has a right to know, and no doubt, will know in due time, why those continental measures, which were so lately damned to reprobation, are now resumed in the face of day, and carried on at such an enormous expence.

Art. 16. *Things set in a Proper Light. Being a full Answer to a noble author's misrepresentation of Things As They Are.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Pridden.

If the curtain was drawn, so as to exhibit this profound politician and his noble antagonist, *in propriis personis*, the public would probably smile at those airs of gravity, patriotism, and importance, which they have mutually assumed. Not that we suppose this contest is a sham battle between two gladiators who play booty, in imitation of those undaunted heroes Sherlock and Johnson ; or that the same hand that wrote the first pamphlet has underwritten the answer, to keep up a ball of amusement for the politicians of this metropolis. No, we can plainly perceive, that the author of *Things set in a Proper Light*, is in zealous earnest against the other, especially where that other seems to insinuate that the king of P——a is altogether indifferent about the protestant religion. The author of the piece now before us is such a good Protestant, that he will never forgive his antagonist for those insinuations ; and if he is not more severe in his attack, it is not for lack of inclination : *The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak*. In a word, *The Light* in which *Things are set*, by this patriot, is a sort of owl-light that represents objects a little confused and obumbrated ; and this perhaps may be the proper medium through which our present system of politics ought to be viewed.

Art. 17. *Reason : A poem. To which is prefix'd, a Notion of Poetry : an essay.* 4to. Price 1s. Cooper.

This twelve-penny pamphlet contains six-pennyworth of prose, and six-pennyworth of verse. The prose essay of sixteen

pages is intitled, *A Notion of Poetry*. The reader will find in this some sensible observations, together with others that are very disputable. He concludes it by saying, 'This most assuredly is no time for any to pursue poetry who are not to be contented with the pleasure it affords, and the probability of future reputation. For it is not in this age, but of the last, that lord Bolingbroke (posthumously) observes, "that the great men of all parties were patrons of literature." 'The sheepish generality always push after their leaders; so that Homer himself, or Antimachus whom Adrian, or Museus whom Scaliger, esteemed a better poet than Homer, or any thing more than them altogether, would at present scarcely be able to catch the public attention. Yet, impell'd by an irresistible genius, poets, great poets, have of late years cultivated and displayed their talents, and have been overlooked and neglected. But whenever the taste for poetry revives, as sooner or later it will, justice shall then be done to their authentic merit, and the happy refuse of these times shall become the delight and admiration of more judicious posterity.'

The poem itself opens with some good lines with which we shall present our readers.

' Divinity's great substitute on earth,  
 ' Conductor of the passions but for thee  
 ' Too devious, teacher sole of moral truth,  
 ' And guide to what of happiness we know,  
 ' Reason, all hail. O may the bard who first  
 ' Thy copious praise attunes to thee devote  
 ' Live o'er the scanty sum of life, and die  
 ' In retribution large to thee devote!  
 ' So shall he stem mad appetite's misrule,  
 ' On this side fear, of virtue's calm secure,  
 ' Though air the superstitious thunder rend,  
 ' Or central earthquakes rock the total globe:  
 ' So view with other than the vulgar eye  
 ' Kind nature's boon, the pass to halcyon peace,  
 ' The sweet cessation of distasteful life,  
 ' Which to the wise and brave, a goddess fair,  
 ' Her sober form and tranquil mein unveils,  
 ' While in one hand Lethean olive waves,  
 ' And one she points aloft, or seems to point,  
 ' To distant regions of supernal bliss.'

The author afterwards describes the various powers and offices of reason, and forms a logical hypothesis in a chain of aphorisms, which he illustrates and explains by descriptions, metaphors,



phors, allusions, &c. This gives his poem an air, perhaps rather too philosophical for the generality of readers, and renders him in some parts a little obscure. The necessity of reason's direction in the commerce of the senses is touched with elegance and propriety, as will appear by the following verses :

- ' O mutual love, the most tenacious bond;
- ' 'Tis yours o'er bestial flames, else too alike,
- ' Th' ennobled human appetite to raise
- ' Immeasurably : yours the generous heart
- ' That throbs capacious of another's joy,
- ' And lessens it while it more than shares the woe ;
- ' Yours is the look than kindest speech more kind,
- ' The touch whose transports agonize the frame,
- ' The form that's faultless, and the fault that charm !'

His address to society is extremely pretty.

- ' O lov'd society, what gifts are thine ;
- ' How is thy debtor every gentle muse !
- ' To callous minds the drudgery of the hand
- ' Wisely assign'd, for thought-laborious heads
- ' The necessary leisure, calm required,
- ' Indulgent you reserve ; who therefore smooth
- ' For late posterity the lofty song,
- ' Or pen exact the not innumerable prose,
- ' Nature's vast wisdom-giving page explore,
- ' Or set the moral music of the soul.'

Speaking of corruption, he says,

- ' This fire from an hundred tongues harrangues,
- ' An hundred venal tongues, and smooths the way
- ' With twice as many gold-polluted hands
- ' To power and wealth ; alas the ready way,
- ' Perchance the only : but not that the path
- ' To honor's station, but not that to peace
- ' Nor virtue, and its genuine payment fame.'

There are many other passages in this little poem which have great merit in them, particularly the conclusion, where the author pays the deserved tribute to the people's minister.

We could wish the writer had been more sparing of his compound epithets ; the multiplicity of which obscures, in a great measure, the beauty of his poem. We meet frequently \* with two or three of them in a line ; besides that, they often appear strained and affected. Such as the *down-rack'd* wretch, *zephyr*,

- \* Whose misery-closing aid the care-diseas'd,
- Due-distanc'd nods the zephyr-troubled shade.

*troubled*

*troubled shade, none-avow'd injustice, co-during instincts, nought-vindictive man, home-successless worth, and some others: these, with a few inaccuracies excepted, the poem is good, and deserves the attention of our readers.*

Art. 18. *Jonathan Wild's Advice to his Successor. Printed from a manuscript, said to be written by Jonathan Wild while under confinement in Newgate. Containing several useful hints and instructions, whereby the whole art of thief-taking is made easy to the meanest capacity. To this pamphlet is annexed, a plan and proposals for an hospital, or public asylum, for decay'd and infirm thief-takers, with a nursery and school for the widows and children of those useful and truly laudable members of society. 8vo. Price 1s. Scott.*

This seems to be a satire upon some magistrate of the present age, who, under the cloak of affected zeal for the public weal, practises the vilest arts of villainy and corruption. We hope there is no such rascal in being; if there is, it is the duty of every man to detect and expose his iniquity, that he may be stript of his office, and suffer the punishment and ignominy which he deserves to undergo. This piece is written with great severity and some humour, which, however, we think, is misplaced. There are some characters too wicked for ridicule.

Art. 19. *The New Creature described. In a Sermon preached January 1, 1758, at the chapel belonging to the gift-houses erected by Arthur Winsley, Esq; in St. Botolph's, Colchester. By Thomas Stanton. 4to. Price 6d. Buckland.*

This sermon, tho' it bears a kind of canting title, from which we expected little more than nonsense and enthusiasm, is a plain sensible discourse, recommending, in an easy and unaffected manner, brotherly love, humility and devotion. It concludes with this pious and sensible exhortation:

' Have we, Christians, so much charity for each other as to  
' believe that we shall, notwithstanding a difference of judg-  
' ment about some things in this world meet hereafter in a bet-  
' ter; that God will not hereafter condemn any for not sub-  
' scribing to articles of faith of man's devising; that such as  
' believe in the revelation God has given, and sincerely endea-  
' vour by the grace and good spirit of God, to live according to  
' it, shall not be finally rejected, let us endeavour to improve in  
' so amiable, and divine a temper, remembering that the end  
' of the commandment, the end of divine revelation, is *charity*  
' out

‘ out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and faith unfeigned.  
 ‘ 1 Tim. i. 5. Let us more and more avoid what was so much  
 ‘ the disgrace of the Corinthian church, *strife, and divisions*, and  
 ‘ let us guard against *pride*, as the greatest enemy to peace, and  
 ‘ christian perfection, *always speaking the truth in love*.

‘ Let us endeavour to excel in all the christian graces, parti-  
 ‘ cularly in those of *humility*, and *love*: thus shall we best re-  
 ‘ commend the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ to the esteem  
 ‘ of others, and lay the most solid foundation for peace in our  
 ‘ own breasts; and thus shall we grow up in a temper that will  
 ‘ best fit us for the business, and blessedness of heaven, where,  
 ‘ when time shall be no longer, great numbers from different  
 ‘ christian societies, that worshipped God in this world under  
 ‘ different forms, and that of some points in religion had dif-  
 ‘ ferent conceptions, shall at last meet, and all most humbly,  
 ‘ and thankfully acknowledge that they were saved by grace,  
 ‘ and most heartily join in ascribing blessing, honour, glory, power to  
 ‘ him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever.’

Art. 20. *A Genuine Narrative of the Enterprize against the Stores and Shipping at St. Maloes, from the letters of a person of distinction in the service. With the particulars of the intent of those preparations, which are destroyed; and of the conduct of the commander in chief, and behaviour of the forces. Also, the circumstances of the death of the unfortunate Marquis de Landal, Intendant de Cote, which have been variously and erroneously represented, &c. Dedicated to the right hon. William Pitt, Esq; 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Staples.*

This pamphlet may evidently be ranked amongst the catch-penny ones. It is chiefly compiled from common reports, newspapers, and eked out with made-letters. Page 37, The absurd and false story of the wager of a thousand guineas is introduced with a pompous comment. The rest is much in the same style of fulsome encomium and exaggeration. For a specimen take the following:

‘ If it be great glory in those to despise death in the service  
 ‘ of their country, who have engaged themselves to hazard  
 ‘ their lives in her defence, it commands a yet higher epithet,  
 ‘ if words could reach such excellence, when those who have  
 ‘ entered into no such engagements do it voluntarily. The  
 ‘ present enterprize has some such, whose names some hand  
 ‘ more safe than mine from the ravages of time, will give to  
 ‘ immortality.’

Art.



Art. 21. *The Conduct of a noble Commander in America impartially reviewed, with the genuine causes of the discontents at New-York and Halifax; and the true occasion of the delays in that important expedition. Including a regular account of all the proceedings and incidents in the order of time wherein they happened.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Baldwin.

This pamphlet is perhaps a needless apology for Lord L-d-n. It does not however appear, that it was written either by the suggestion or with the avowal of that nobleman. If there can be any who, with a moderate degree of knowledge, even entertained a doubt of that lord's perfect blamelessness, the exactness, candor, and moderation, with which this writer, who appears thoroughly acquainted with the state of things, treats this subject, cannot but dispel it. If in some places he seems to run too much into the strain of panegyric, one may see that he is rather carried away by his indignation against the cruelty of calumny, than disposed to hurt the cause of truth, by giving his defence of it the air of flattery. We cannot however entirely think it is doing that cause, which seems to stand so fairly on its own bottom, any great good to connect it with that of the 'good old Lord Blakeney,' p. 5. Not but that this lord is perhaps as defensible; tho' it is certain there are numbers of unprejudiced persons who will hardly be brought to think that Minorca was held out to those last extremities which the importance of the place, or the duty of the service, required. They may indeed be in the wrong; but there were, it must be confessed, appearances enough to justify such a doubt. As any extract would wrong the order and series of facts, which give force to the conclusion from them, those readers whom the subject may interest, either relatively to that lord himself, or to the transactions in those parts, may be best referred to the pamphlet itself.

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In the last Review, p. 78, 9 lines from bottom, for *mind* read *point*.

